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MALLET'S POEMS.

Deep-mov'd, he spoke,
 And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
 Suspended held: but as the welcome blow,
 With arms display'd, superior seem'd to court.
Vide Mallet & Theodora, canto II. line 897. &c.

Designed by J. B. H. & Engraved by J. G. H.

Printed for C. Cooke, Aug. 1. 1798.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DAVID MALLET.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Rapt, I foresee thy MALLET's early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.

Savage.

Imagination! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing
O'er earth's extended space-----

The Excursion.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

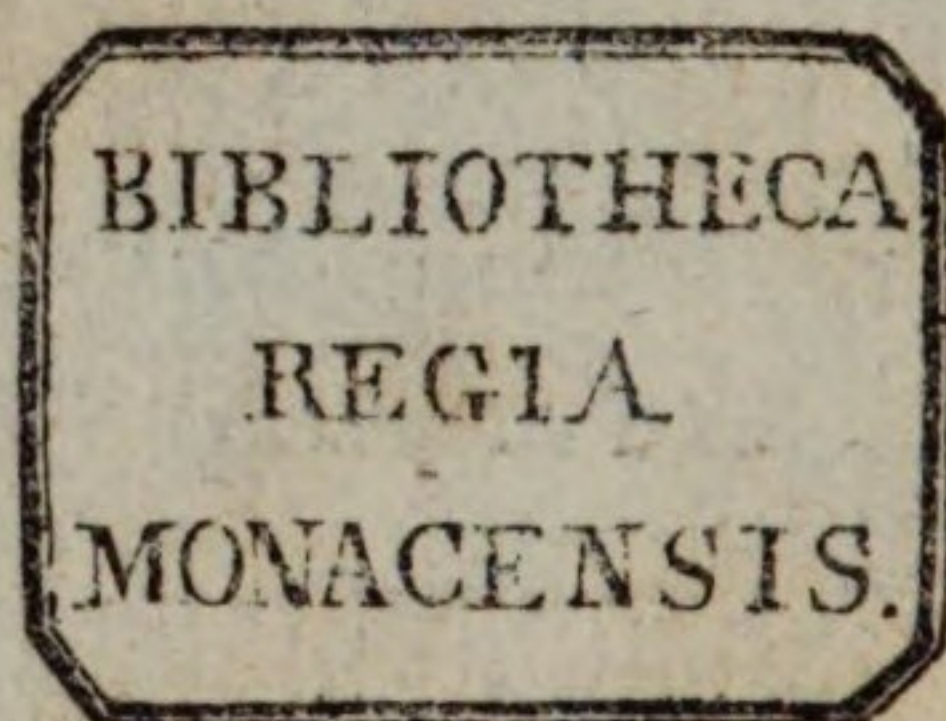
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MONACENSIS.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DAVID MALLET.

CONTAINING HIS

CUPID AND HYMEN,	TRUTH IN RHYME
AMYNT. AND THEODORA,	EXCURSION,
WILL. AND MARGARET,	ZEPHYR,
EDWIN AND EMMA,	TYBURN,

&c. &c. &c.

Thus roaming with advent'rous wing the globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The sov'reign Maker, first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole; at whose command,
Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove
And scourge the nations.----- *The Excursion.*

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LIFE OF MALLET.

SINCE the publication of the life of Mallet, by Dr. Johnson, many particulars respecting the early part of it have been brought to light, by means of information authenticated by his epistolary correspondence with one of the professors of King's College, Aberdeen, and inserted in the Edinburgh Magazine; so that the Doctor appears to have given no other account than such as, according to his own words, "is supplied by the unauthorised loquacity of common fame, and a very slight personal knowledge."

David Mallet was born about the beginning of the present century, but neither the place of his nativity, nor the situation of his parents can be precisely ascertained.

According to Dr. Johnson's account, he "was through the penury of his parents compelled to be *janitor*, or porter, of the High School of Edinburgh; a mean office, of which," that biographer says, "he did not afterwards delight to hear." But there is not even the slight ground of tradition to vouch for the authenticity of this account: on the contrary, it is invalidated by custom immemorial, which must have precluded his eligibility to an office always vested in persons of advanced years.--- Besides, reason cannot admit of the probability of our author, then a youth of very promising genius, having accepted so degrading an office as that of porter, to which the most menial services are attached.

He appears, from his own words, to have been, in his earlier years, under the tuition of Mr. Ker, at Aberdeen, which he thus gratefully acknowledges, in one of his letters. "You are one, (he writes) to whom I stand indebted for all the advances I shall make in the world, as having laid the foundation by your instruction, and raised the superstructure by your love and favour."

In process of time, he was recommended to Mr. Home, a gentleman of fortune near Edinburgh, in whose family he resided in 1720, as tutor to the children; a situation which afforded him an opportunity of prosecuting his studies at the University of that city. He acknowledges that Mr. Home allowed him learning, clothes, and diet, but no fixed salary; from which it may be inferred, that his parents were not in affluent circumstances.

Mallet entertained an early regard for the Muses, and gave his opinion of poetry to Mr. Ker, his friend and patron, in the following terms. "I own it is my opinion that poetry gives me a sprightly turn of thinking, and stocks the imagination with beautiful images, that capacitate one for writing and talking agreeably;

ably ; yet I am in too bad a condition already to entail poverty on myself by a blinded passion for rhyme."

He pursued his studies with great assiduity, and acquired so competent a knowledge of the Latin language, as to give, in 1721, a poetical version of a Congratulatory Poem, written by Mr. Ker. He had also devoted a considerable time to the acquisition of the Greek and French languages.

The following year he attempted a poem, called "The Transfiguration," confessedly written in imitation of Milton's style ; but having been long preserved, with other manuscript papers, it did not appear till many years after his death, when it was printed from the original, in the possession of a much valued friend, from whom the author had received signal tokens of favour and esteem.

His literary fame being now enhanced, procured him the friendship of Thompson, his fellow collegian, as well as other cotemporary authors ; some of whom have made very honourable mention of him in their works.

In 1723 our author surmounted the disadvantages attendant on his birth and fortune ; being admitted through the recommendation of two very respectable friends, into the family of the Duke of Montrose, as tutor to his sons ; and it appears, from indisputable testimony, that he filled his office with credit to himself, and advantage to his pupils, and was, in consequence, treated with every token of kindness and regard by his noble patron. His avocations in the Duke's family did not preclude him from application to his studies, for the further cultivation of his mind, having abundant opportunity of adverting to classic authors, in both the Greek and Latin languages, as well as advancing his knowledge in mathematics and philosophy. He employed many of his leisure hours in translating "*Bossuet's Discours sur L'Histoire Universelle*," for the use of his pupil, Lord William Graham, and having, in 1724, resumed his application to poetry, which he had relinquished for some time, he laid down the plan of his tragedy of Eurydice, which remained unfinished till 1731, and wrote his charming little ballad of William and Margaret, which was printed in Hill's "Plain Dealer," July the 24th, of the above-mentioned year.

In the course of the same year he produced a copy of verses, occasioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the university of Aberdeen. This trifle has some point, and many pertinent allusions, and is supposed to have procured for the author an academical distinction ; as, in a letter to his friend Mr. Ker, he intimates that he never asked for any honour from the university of Edinburgh ; but that when that learned body should be pleased to confer it on him, he would make a public acknowledgment of it in an address to the whole society.

In

In 1728 he published "The Excursion," a fanciful description of various scenes of nature; suggested, as is supposed, by "The Seasons," of his friend Thomson, which were then in the zenith of their glory, and probably stimulated our author to emulate the fame of his cotemporary bard.

His tragedy of Eurydice appeared at the theatre of Drury-Lane in 1731. It was favourably received, but its success was not great, notwithstanding the principal parts were admirably sustained by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, who exerted their utmost abilities to advance the reputation and emolument of the author. The prologue and epilogue were written by his friend Aaron Hill.

From the influence of the noble family in which he resided, and the fame he had acquired by his poetical talents, he was now admitted to association with the first characters of the age, whether for dignity of rank, or eminence for ability; amongst whom were Frederick Prince of Wales, Lyttleton, Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Pope, Young, &c.

His poem on "Verbal Criticism," which was written in 1733, appears evidently designed as a compliment to Pope.---The ridicule cast on the editors, collators, commentators, and critics of that day, seems to have originated from a fragment which Pope had published in a Miscellany, long before he engrafted it [as Dr. Johnson expresses it] into a regular poem. That rigid critic pronounces the versification to be tolerable; adding, "that it is a composition of more pertness than wit, and that it evinces more confidence than knowledge."

When the Prince of Wales, in consequence of a difference between him and his Royal Father, was forbidden the palace, and kept a separate court, he had recourse to a maxim usually followed upon similar occasions, which was to place himself at the head of the opposition, and acquire popularity by affording patronage to men eminent for their literary abilities. Amongst these was our author, who was appointed under secretary to his Royal Highness, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum. Soon after, he was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, for having written some congratulatory verses, presented to the Prince of Orange by the University of that city. It is generally admitted that this production is fraught with the genuine spirit of liberty.

In 1739 his tragedy of Mustapha was produced at Drury-Lane theatre, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales; but our author does not appear to have been successful in his dramatic attempts; for this piece, though performed with applause during the run, was never revived. It was dedicated to his Royal Patron. The prologue was written by his friend Thomson.

In 1740 Mallet was employed to write a life of Bacon, to be prefixed

prefixed to a new edition of the works of that great philosopher. The general opinion is, that it is written with elegance and judgment, though the author indicates more knowledge of history than of science. Dr. Johnson says, that when Mallet afterwards undertook the life of Marlborough, Warburton, [a critic equally rigid with himself] remarked "that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgot that Bacon was a philosopher."

The same year, Mallet, in conjunction with Thomson, composed the "Masque of Alfred," which was performed in the Prince's gardens, at Cliefden, in commemoration of the accession of his royal grandfather, George I. It afterwards underwent an almost total change, by Mallet, both in language and incident, and was brought on Drury-Lane stage, and performed with very little success; a fate, as before observed, too generally attendant on our author's dramatic productions.

Here it may not be improper to introduce an anecdote related by Dr. Johnson, as it tends to shew a stratagem practised by our author, which had a most powerful effect on the mind of the renowned Roscius of the English stage. "Mallet," says the Doctor, "in a familiar conversation with Garrick, discoursing of the diligence which he was then exerting upon the life of Marlborough, let him know, that, in the series of great men quickly to be exhibited, he should *find a niche* for the hero of the theatre. Garrick professed to wonder by what artifice *he* could be introduced; but Mallet let him know, that, by a dexterous anticipation, he should fix him in a conspicuous place. 'Mr. Mallet,' says Garrick, in his gratitude of exultation, 'have you left off to write for the stage?' Mallet then confessed that he had a little drama in his hands; Garrick promised to act it; and Alfred was produced."

After a considerable repose from the labours of the pen, our author produced his "Amyntor and Theodora," addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Johnson abates much of his usual asperity in his account of this production. He calls it "a long story in blank verse, in which," he says, "it cannot be denied but there is a copiousness and elegance of language, vigour of sentiment, and imagery well adapted to take possession of the fancy;" but concludes with observing that "it is blank verse." Mallet sold his poem to Vaillant, an eminent bookseller of that day, for one hundred and twenty pounds.

In 1745 his masque of Britannia appeared at Drury-Lane theatre, and was received with universal applause. The prologue, a very whimsical, characteristic, and well timed production, was written by Mallet and Garrick, in conjunction, and spoken with such infinite humour by the latter, [whose comic as well as tragic abilities exceeded all comprehension] as kept the house

in one universal roar ; and such was the avidity of the town for this singular display of comic genius, that the prologue was called for many nights during the season, when the masque itself was not performed.

In 1759 he published a collection of his works, in prose and verse, inscribed to Lord Mansfield, in the usual style of Dedications. The same year he produced a poem called “Tyburn,” a piece of great ingenuity, including a supposed remonstrance of the gallows at Tyburn, to that truly patriotic institution “the Marine Society,” on account of the great benefits accruing from it to the nation, since the commencement of the French war, and the numbers it had prevented from falling victims to justice, at the fatal tree.

In 1760 appeared his pleasing little ballad of Edwin and Emma, the profits of which, it is said, were intended to be applied to a charitable use.

In 1762 he published a small collection of Poems, inscribed to the Duke of Marlborough, and in the dedication intimates his “hopes soon to present his Grace with something more solid, more deserving his attention, in the Life of the first Duke of Marlborough :” but that life never appeared.

In the violent party disputes which prevailed at the commencement of the present reign, he espoused the cause of Lord Bute ; to serve which, he published his poem called “Truth in Rhyme,” and in 1763 brought out his tragedy of Elvira, but it met with very little success, being evidently designed to subserve the purposes of the ministerial party, by whom however the author was rewarded with the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for Ships in the Port of London, which he retained to his death. Towards the close of life he went to France, whence, after a short stay, finding his health decline, he returned to England, and died in April 1765.

The character of Mallet, like that of many other men, may be represented in different lights. His predominant foible was vanity, to which a degree of pride is always attached ; as an instance of which, we introduce an anecdote from Johnson. That writer sarcastically observes, that our author “having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation, so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seemed inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences to his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the age or ear can discover. What other proofs of disrespect he gave to his native country,” says Johnson, “I know not, but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen not commend.”

Self-conceit was also a component part of the character of
Mallet,

Mallet, if the authenticity of the following anecdote from Johnson may be relied on. "About the year 1733, Pope, whom he visited familiarly, published his Essay on Man, but concealed the author; and when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked him slightly what there was new: Mallet told him the newest piece was something called an Essay on Man, which he had inspected idly, and, seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing, nor knowledge of his subject, he tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret."

Mallet had so confirmed an opinion of his own excellence in what is called the *pathetic*, that he once quarrelled with Jones, author of the Earl of Essex, who was patronized by Lord Chesterfield, because he had the presumption to lay claim to the pathetic in his tragedy. The dispute between the two bards ran high, and ended with Mallet's turning the poor bricklayer out of the room where they were spending the evening together.--- But these are but foibles, and tend to excite mirth, rather than provoke spleen and ill humour.

It is remarked, and with great propriety, by a judicious though candid critic, that Johnson has done much injustice to Mallet in the following account of his literary character. "As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high class. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. His dramas had their day, a short day, and are forgotten. His blank verse seems, to my ear, the echo of Thomson. His life of Bacon is known as it is appended to Bacon's volumes, but it is no longer mentioned. His works are such as a writer, bustling in the world, shewing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence, but which, conveying little information, and giving no pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement."

It appears, from the remarks of this rigid critic, that he stands justly charged with inconsistency, as well as illiberality; for, in his comment on the Poem of the "Excursion," he not only admits that it is not devoid of poetical spirit, but that many of the images are striking, and many of the paragraphs elegant. That the reader may form his own judgment of the poetical merit of our author, we shall cite some few passages which it is presumed will justify his claim to a very respectable rank in the class of poets.

In his poem of the Excursion, he gives a very picturesque display of the tremendous effects of an earthquake.

The lab'ring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes---at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer thro' the night to yonder plain:

Divided

Divided there, a hundred torrents stream,
 Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
 Resistless; villages, and woods, and rocks,
 Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
 Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
 Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
 And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
 Maturing into nectar, now despoiled
 Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flow'r from end to end
 Lies bury'd under fire, a glowing sea!

In Mallet's Verbal Criticism the poetic character of Shakespeare and Horace are forcibly portrayed. The English poet he thus describes.

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
 Who first created and yet rules the stage,
 Bold to design, all-pow'rful to express,
 Shakespeare each passion drew in ev'ry dress:
 Great above rule, and imitating none,
 Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own;
 Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay,
 As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
 Now, eagle-wing'd, his heav'n-ward flight he takes,
 The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes;
 Now, low on earth a kindred reptile creeps,
 Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Of the Roman bard he writes in language no less descriptive,

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
 Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;
 His genius social as his judgment clear,
 When frolic prudent, smiling when severe;
 Secure each temper and each taste to hit,
 His was the curious happiness of wit:
 Skill'd in that noblest science how to live,
 Which learning may direct, but Heav'n must give;
 Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenas gay,
 Among the fair but just as wise as they;
 First in the friendship of the great enroll'd,
 The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

Mallet's slight pieces in general are written with ease and pleasure, and may be read with pleasure. -- His ballads are excellent, particularly those of William and Margaret, Edwin and Emma, and the Birks of Invermay. The former bears away the palm, being the most pleasing of all the author's poetical compositions. The sentiment and expression are equally charming; and, to be convinced of the illiberality of Johnson, in saying that it contains nothing very striking, it will be sufficient only to read this charming little ballad.

Upon the whole, if our author cannot be admitted as a first rate poet, he was certainly an elegant and pleasing writer; and if his works are perused with candour, they will be found entitled to much approbation.



TO THE RIGHT HON.
WILLIAM LORD MANSFIELD,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

January 1, 1759.

NO man in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surprised, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works either to Cicero or the younger Pliny, not to mention any more among her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws, in which both eminently excelled: they were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country; but as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions, no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage; and, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this Collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

*Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not applied with more propriety at first than they are now, the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you: but of that the public only must and will

B

judge,

judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in, without which you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it; and this any man may affirm of himself without vanity, because it is equally in every man's power :---Of all that I have written on any occasion, there is not a line which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present; an humble one I confess it is, and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effusion of those sentiments which great merit, employed in the best purposes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit; and may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace. Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish, may again flourish under the eye and encouragement of those few who think and feel, as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain.

I am, with the sincerest attachment,

My Lord,

Your most faithful humble servant.

TO THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH*.

YOUR Grace has given leave that these few poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name; but this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the present address. I do not say it, my Lord, in the style of compliment: genuine modesty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it; as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring which is used, in vain, to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue, as surely it must, your Grace has already laid the securest foundation of the former in the latter: the eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you, and from what you are known to have done in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man in the other.

The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your Grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough†.

You will then see that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation, and that the same extensive ca-

* This dedication was prefixed by the Author to a small collection of his poems published in 1762.

† A work which has not yet appeared.

4. DEDICATION TO THE D. OF MARLBOROUGH.
capacity which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of
the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the
calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the mean while, that you may live to adorn the
celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may
be, like him, the defender of your country in days of
public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps
less frequently found, the friend and patron of those
useful and ornamental arts by which human nature is
exalted, and human society rendered more happy; this,
my Lord, is respectfully the wish of,

Your Grace's

Most obedient humble servant.



MISCELLANIES.

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

TO MR. POPE.

Advertisement

To the first and second editions.

As the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakespeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the public, and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakespeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances with which the Town is almost daily pestered.

AMONG the num'rous fools, by fate design'd
Oft' to disturb, and oft' divert, mankind,
The Reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote ;
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

5

O fam'd for judging as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel !
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise :
'Tis thine, O Pope ! who chuse the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the Scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste nor genius has pretence,
And if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

10

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud ;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What ev'ry dunce from ev'ry dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write ;
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys from Rome and Greece ;
How oft', in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair ;
If Aristotle's cap were round or square ;

15

20

25

If in the cave where Dido first was sped
 To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.
 Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
 That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain : 30
 Hence Plato quoted, or the Stagyrte,
 To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white ;
 Hence much hard study without sense or breeding,
 And all the grave impertinence of reading.
 If Shakespeare says the noon-day sun is bright, 35
 His Scholiast will remark it then was light ;
 Turn Caxton, Winkin, eace old Goth and Hun,
 To rectify the reading of a pun.
 Thus nicely trifling, accurately dull,
 How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool ! 40
 But is there then no honour due to age ?
 No rev'rence to great Shakespeare's noble page ?
 And he who half a life has read him o'er,
 His mangled points and commas to restore,
 Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays, 45
 Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Woodbe pays ?
 Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
 Who first created and yet rules the stage,
 Bold to design, all-pow'rful to express,
 Shakespeare each passion drew in ev'ry dress : 50
 Great above rule, and imitating none,
 Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own ;
 Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay,
 As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
 Now, eagle-wing'd, his heav'n-ward flight he takes, 55
 The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes ;
 Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps,
 Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.
 Such was the poet ; next the Scholiast view ;
 Faint tho' the colouring, yet the features true. 60
 Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
 Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
 He with low industry goes gleaning on
 From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none ;
 His brother book-worm, so, in shelf or stall, 65
 Will feed alike on Wool'ston and on Paul.

By living clients hopeleſs now of bread,
 He pettyfogs a ſcrap from authors dead :
 See him on Shakeſpeare pore, intent to ſteal
 Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal. 70
 Such that grave bird in northern ſeas is found
 Whoſe name a Dutchman only knows to ſound.
 Where'er the king of fiſh moves on before,
 This humble friend attends from ſhore to ſhore :
 With eye ſtill earneſt, and with bill inclin'd, 75
 He picks up what his patron drops behind,
 With thoſe choice cates his palate to regale,
 And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.*

Bleſs'd Genius ! who beſtows his toil and pains
 On each dull paſſage each dull book contains ; 80
 The toil more grateful as the taſk more low ;
 So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
 Where his fam'd authors page is flat and poor,
 There moſt exact the reading to reſtore ;
 By dint of plodding and by ſweat of face 85
 A bull to change, a blunder to replace ;
 Whate'er is reſuſe critically gleaning,
 And mending nonſenſe into doubtful meaning.
 For this dread Dennis (and who can forbear,
 Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to ſtare ? †) 90
 His head tho' jealous, and his years fourſcore,
 Ev'n Dennis praiſes, who ne'er prais'd before ! ‡
 For this the Scholiaſt claims his ſhare of fame,
 And, modeſt, prints his own with Shakeſpeare's name :
 How juſtly, Pope ! in this ſhort ſtory view, 95
 Which may be dull, and therefore ſhould be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
 Whoſe ſenſe with ſound and truth with rhet'ric mixt,
 Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
 Inspir'd himſelf, his happy hearers charm'd. 100

* This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you ſee how he purchaſes his food ; and the ſame author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. " You may ſee him," adds the Dutchman, " frequently purſuing a ſort of ſeamew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments inceſſantly to make him void an excrement, which, being liquid, ſerves him, I imagine, for drink." See *A Collection of Voyages to the North*.

† Quis talia fando

Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c.

Virg.

‡ See the Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
 And freely man or woman spoke their mind :
 All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
 And each, rememb'ring something, prais'd the whole.
 At last an honest sexton join'd the throng, 105
 (For as the theme was large their talk was long)
 " Neighbours," he cry'd, " my conscience bids me tell,
 " Tho' it was the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell."

In this the critic's folly most is shown :
 Is there a genius all unlike his own, 110
 With learning elegant, with wit well-bred,
 And, as in books, in men and manners read ?
 Himself, with poring erudition blind,
 Unknowing, as unknown, of human-kind,
 That writer he selects, with awkward aim, 115
 His sense at once to mimic and to maim.

So Florio is a fop with half a nose ;
 So fat West-Indian planters dress as beaux ;
 Thus gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
 And Horace, strange to say ! tun'd Bentley's voice. 120

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
 Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease ;
 His genius social as his judgment clear,
 When frolic prudent, smiling when severe ;
 Secure each temper and each taste to hit, 125
 His was the curious happiness of wit :
 Skill'd in that noblest science how to live,
 Which learning may direct, but Heav'n must give ;
 Grave with Agrippa, with Mecænas gay ;
 Among the fair but just as wise as they ; 130
 First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,
 The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
 And but by books acquainted with mankind,
 Dares in the fulness of the pedant's pride 135
 Rhyme, tho' no genius ; tho' no judge, decide ;
 Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
 Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part ;
 Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head,
 Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead : 140

To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
 He makes them write what never poet writ ;
 The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen,
 And Paradise by him is lost agen*.
 Such was his doom impos'd by Heav'n's decree, 145
 With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
 The low to swell, to level the sublime,
 To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
 Great eldest-born of Dulness ! blind and bold,
 Tyrant ! more cruel than Procrustes old, 150
 Who to his iron-bed by torture fits
 Their nobler part, the souls of suff'ring wits.

Such is the man who heaps his head with bays,
 And calls on human-kind to sound his praise
 For points transplac'd with curious want of skill, 155
 For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
 So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
 His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,
 Swore he had rifled Ocean's richest spoils
 And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils. 160

Yet be his merits with his faults confest ;
 Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
 Long lay the critic's work with trifles stor'd,
 Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
 Men so well read, who confidently wrote, 165
 Their readers could have sworn were men of note.
 To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
 Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
 For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
 Writ English notes---and mankind undeceiv'd ; 170
 In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
 Ev'n thou, Browne Willis ! thou may'st see the jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
 Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind ?

* This sagacious Scholiast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton, who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatium which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him, because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical appellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Let Crooke a brother-scholiast Shakespeare call, 175
Tibbald to Hesiod-Crooke returns the ball.

So runs the circle still : in this we see
The lackies of the great and learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate, 180
In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet,
And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyle.

Yet those whom pride and dulness join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd, 186
Tho' with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits as scavengers to streets :
The humble blackguards of a Pope or Gay,
To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away. 190

Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art ;
Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.
Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,
The Scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.
Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame, 195
And adding fuel to redundant flame,
He, sober pimp to Lechery, explains
What Capræ's isle or V*'s alcove contains ;
Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
Was lavish to his father's wife alone ; 200
Why those fond female visits duly paid
To tuneful Incuba, and what her trade ;
How modern love has made so many martyrs,
And which keeps oft'nst, Lady C* or Chartres.

But who their various follies can explain ? 205
The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought,
To sum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote ;
To guess, ere one epistle saw the light,
How many dunces met and clubb'd their mite ; 210
To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
Or from the brother boobies steal a trope.

* See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads, one contributing a smile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

That be the part of persevering Wasse*,
 With pen of lead ; or, Arnal ! thine of brass ;
 A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne, 215
 Who loves to teach what no man cares to learn.

How little knowledge reaps from toils like these !
 Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.
 Yet, Critics ! would your tribe deserve a name,
 And fairly useful, rise to honest fame, 220
 First from the head a load of lumber move,
 And from the volume all yourselves approve :
 For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments give us sense,
 Or learning clear from learn'd impertinence,
 Where moral meaning or where taste presides, 225
 And wit enlivens but what reason guides ;
 Great without swelling, without meanness plain,
 Serious, not silly ; sportive, but not vain ;
 On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
 In quoting sober, and in judging sound. 230

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR,

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE rising morn, serenely still,
 Had bright'ning spread o'er vale and hill,
 Not those loose beams that wanton play
 To light the mirth of giddy May,
 Nor such red heats as burn the plain 5
 In ardent Summer's fev'rish reign ;
 But rays all equal, soft, and sober,
 To suit the second of October,
 To suit the pair whose Wedding-day
 This sun now gilds with annual ray. 10

Just then where our good-natur'd Thames is
 Some four short miles above St. James's,
 And deigns with silver-streaming wave
 Th' abodes of earth-born Pride to lave,
 Aloft in air two gods were soaring, 15
 While Putney cits beneath lay snoring,

* See the Preface to his edition of Sallust ; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

Plung'd deep in dreams of ten *per cent.*
 On fums to their dear country lent;
 Two gods of no inferior fame,
 Whom ancient wits with rev'rence name, 20
 Tho' wiser moderns much disparage——
 I mean the gods of Love and Marriage.

But Cupid first, his wit to show,
 Assuming a mere modern beau,
 Whose utmost aim is idle mirth, 25
 Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth,
 Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
 To grace this common-place chit-chat.

“How! on the wing by break of dawn,
 “Dear brother!”—there he forc'd a yawn— 30
 “To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
 “They must ere night be gagg'd and bound!
 “Who having once put on thy chain,
 “'Tis odds may ne'er sleep found again.
 “So say the wits; but wiser folks 35
 “Still marry, and contemn their jokes:
 “They know each better bliss is thine,
 “Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
 “And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
 “Which never fails nor ever sours! 40
 “Well, be it so: yet there are fools
 “Who dare demur to formal rules;
 “Who laugh profanely at their betters,
 “And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
 “But, well or ill, jog on thro' life 45
 “Without that lov'reign bliss a wife.
 “Leave these at least, these sad dogs, free
 “To stroll with Bacchus and with me,
 “And sup in Middlesex or Surrey
 “On coarse cold beef and Fanny Murray.” 50

Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,
 You would have sworn't was Ligonier;
 While Hymen soberly reply'd,
 Yet with an air of conscious pride;
 “Just come from yonder wretched scene, 55
 “Where all is venal, false, and mean,

“ (Looking on London as he spoke)
 “ I marvel not at thy dull joke;
 “ Nor in such cant to hear thee vapour,
 “ Thy quiver lin’d with South-sea paper, 60
 “ Thine arrows feather’d at the tail
 “ With India bonds for hearts on sale;
 “ Their other ends too, as is meet,
 “ Tipp’d with gold points from Lombard-street:
 “ But couldst thou for amoment quit 65
 “ These airs of fashionable wit,
 “ And reassume thy nobler name—
 “ Look that way, where I turn my flame—”
 He said, and held his torch inclin’d,
 Which, pointed so, still brighter shin’d— 70
 “ Behold yon’ couple, arm in arm,
 “ Whom I, eight years, have known to charm,
 “ And while they wear my willing chains,
 “ A god dares swear that neither feigns.
 “ This morn, that bound their mutual vow, 75
 “ That blest’d them first, and blesses now,
 “ They grateful hail; and from the soul
 “ Wish thousands o’er both heads may roll,
 “ Till from life’s banquet either guest
 “ Embracing, may retire to rest. 80
 “ Come then, all rail’ry laid aside,
 “ Let this their day serenely glide;
 “ With mine thy serious aim unite,
 “ And both some proper guests invite,
 “ That not one minute’s running sand 85
 “ May find their pleasures at a stand.”

At this severe and sad rebuke,
 Enough to make a coxcomb puke,
 Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg’d and winc’d,
 Not yet consenting, tho’ convinc’d; 90
 For ’tis your witling’s greatest terror,
 Ev’n when he sees, to own his error;
 Yet with a look of arch grimace
 He took his penitential face;
 Said “ ’Twas perhaps the surer play 95
 “ To give your grave good souls their way;

" That as true humour was grown scarce,
 " He chose to see a sober farce;
 " For of all cattle and all fowl
 " Your solemn-looking as and owl
 " Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,
 " Than those jack-puddings pug and parrot."

100

He said, and eastward spread his wing,
 From London some few friends to bring.

His brother too, with sober cheer,
 For the same end did westward steer;
 But first a pensive love forlorn,

105

Who three long weeping years has borne
 His torch revers'd, and all around,
 Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound,
 Sent off to call a neighb'ring friend,
 On whom the mournful train attend;
 And bid him, this one day, at least,
 For such a pair at such a feast,
 Strip off the fable veil, and wear
 His once-gay look and happier air.

110

115

But Hymen, speeding forward still,
 Observ'd a man on Richmond-hill*,
 Who now first tries a country life,
 Perhaps to fit him for a wife:
 But tho' not much on this he reckon'd,
 The passing god look'd in and beckon'd;
 He knows him rich in social merit,
 With independent taste and spirit,
 Tho' he will laugh with men of whim,
 For fear such men should laugh at him.

120

125

But, lo! already on his way,
 In due observance of the day,
 A friend and fav'rite of the Nine,
 Who can, but seldom cares to shine,
 And one sole virtue would arrive at—
 To keep his many virtues private;
 Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,
 His lov'd companions, Ease and Health;

130

* A. Mitchell, Esq. minister at the court of Prussia.

Or in his garden, barring out
 The noise of ev'ry neighb'ring rout,
 At penfive hour of eve and prime
 Marks how the various hand of Time
 Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
 His vegetable sons and daughters. 140

While these are on their way, behold!
 Dan Cupid, from his London-fold
 First seeks and sends his new Lord Warden*
 Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden;
 Brave as the sword he wears in fight, 145
 Sincere, and briefly in the right,
 Whom never minister or king
 Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

A second see! of special note,
 Plump Comus † in a col'nel's coat, 150
 Whom we this day expect from far,
 A jolly first-rate man of war,
 On whom we boldly dare repose,
 To meet our friends or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his stead? 155
 Strong-body'd too, and strong of head;
 Who, in whatever path he goes,
 Still looks right on before his nose,
 And holds it little less than treason
 To baulk his stomach or his reason: 160
 True to his mistress and his meat,
 He eats to love, and loves to eat.

Last comes a virgin—pray admire her!
 Cupid himself attends to squire her:
 A welcome guest! we much had miss'd her, 165
 For 'tis our Kitty or her sister.
 But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
 Snap up this lamb to shear her wool;

* The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

† The late Colonel Scott; who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much skill, spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

No Teague of that unblushing band
 Just landed, or about to land; 170
 Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse
 To steal an heiress or a purse:
 No scraping, saving, saucy cit,
 Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
 No half-form'd insect of a peer, 175
 With neither land nor conscience clear;
 Who, if he can, 'tis all he can do,
 Just spell the motto on his landau:
 From all, from each of these, defend her,
 But thou and Hymen both befriend her 180
 With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
 And much good sense, and some estate.
 But now, suppose th' assembly met,
 And round the table cordial set,
 While in fair order, to their wish, 185
 Plain Neatness sends up ev'ry dish,
 And Pleasure at the sideboard stands,
 A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
 To pour libations, in due measure,
 As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure— 190
 Let these white moments all be gay,
 Without one cloud of dim allay;
 In ev'ry face let joy be seen,
 As Truth sincere, as Hope serene;
 Let Friendship, Love, and Wit, combine 195
 To flavour both the meat and wine
 With that rich relish to each sense
 Which they, and they alone, dispense;
 Let Music, too, their mirth prolong,
 With warbled air and festive song; 200
 Then when at eve the star of Love
 Glows with soft radiance from above,
 And each companionable guest
 Withdraws replenish'd, not oppress'd,
 Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say—
 My life be such a Wedding-day! 206

THE EXCURSION*.

A POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

Contents.

CANTO I.

INVOCATION, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursive survey of the earth and heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sunrise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased. With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, first northward---A view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary.---From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the midland part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length.---Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system, and of the fixed stars.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative pow'r,
Imagination! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood 5
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing
O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on high,
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight, 10
Excursive, unconfin'd: hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man---
To yon' expanse of plains where Truth delights,
Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her
Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
Parent of beauty and of song, has left 16
His mantle, flow'r-embroider'd on the ground,
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
Crown his prime season with their choicest stores,
Fresh roses op'ning to the solar ray, 20
And fruits flow-swell on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,

* This Poem is among the Author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse, is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

Crows cheerly out, far-sounding thro' the gloom : 25
 Night hears from where, wide-hov'ring in mid-sky,
 She rules the sable hour, and calls her train
 Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
 The dream distressful, and th' incumbent hag,
 That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms, 30
 While Reason slumb'ring lies : at once they fly,
 As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimm'ring on the verge of heav'n,
 From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,
 A whit'ning lustre shoots its tender beam, 35
 While shade and silence yet involve the hall :
 Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
 A dewy radiance, bright'ning o'er the world :
 Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,
 For ever pleasing, lo ! she onward comes, 40
 In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
 Sun-tinctur'd : changeful hues : at her approach,
 The western gray of yonder breaking clouds
 Slow-reddens into flame ; the rising mists,
 From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away 45
 In curling spires, and open all his woods,
 High waving in the sky ; th' uncolour'd stream
 Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines :
 Glad Nature feels her thro' her boundless realms
 Of life and sense, and calls forth all her sweets, 50
 Fragrance and song : from each unfolding flow'r
 Transpire the balm of life that Zephyr wafts,
 Delicious, on his rosy wing : each bird,
 Or high in air or secret in the shade,
 Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn, 55
 Wild beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
 Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
 In brake or cavern slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,
 See, from his humble roof the good man comes 60
 To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
 In holy musing : rapture in his eye
 And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul
 With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise.

Now Industry is up: the village pours
 Her useful sons abroad to various toil;
 'The lab'rer here with ev'ry instrument
 Of future plenty arm'd, and there the swain,
 A rural king amid his subject flocks,
 Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
 The trav'ler, too, pursues his early road
 Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls,
 And all the living landscape moves around.

65

70

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
 With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
 O'er heav'n's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
 Their gayest liv'ries: these with silv'ry beams,
 Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold,
 And speak their sov'reign's state. He comes; behold!
 Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
 The king of Glory! round his head divine
 Diffusive show'rs of radiance circling flow,
 As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair
 He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
 Where'er his universal eye surveys,
 Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
 In one bright robe with heav'nly tinctures gay.

75

80

85

From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain
 Half-way up heav'n, ambitious, brown with woods
 Of broadest shade, and terrac'd round with walks
 Winding and wild, that deep embow'ring rise,
 Maze above maze, thro' all its shelter'd height,
 From hence th' aërial concave without cloud,
 Translucent, and in purest azure dress'd;
 The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
 The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
 Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
 The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
 Solemn recess, whose solitary walks
 Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bord'ring lawn,
 With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisy'd vale;
 The river's crystal, and the meadow's green---
 Grateful diversity; allure the eye
 Abroad to rove amid ten thousand charms.

90

96

101

These scenes, where ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Muse, 105
 Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
 Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
 To highest heav'n, her thought; to Nature's God,
 First source of all things lovely, all things good,
 Eternal, infinite! before whose throne 110
 Sits sov'reign Bounty, and thro' heav'n and earth
 Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss:
 Him all things own; he speaks, and it is day;
 Obedient to his nod, alternate night
 Obscures the world: the seasons at his call 115
 Succeed in train, and lead the year around.
 While reason thus and rapture fill the heart,
 Friends of mankind, good angels, hov'ring near,
 Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend,
 And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath 120
 When scarce the green leaf trembles, thro' her pow'rs
 Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
 And kindle ev'ry virtue into flame.
 Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,
 Which Vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd soul,
 And heav'n on earth begun! Thus, ever fix'd 126
 In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
 Deceive mankind, and steal thro' life along,
 As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown.
 Exalted to his noon, the fervent sun,
 Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
 With fierce effulgence. Now th' embow'ring maze
 Of vale sequester'd or the fir-crown'd side
 Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
 Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step 135
 Of musing poet, and secures repose
 To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
 Oppressive brightness deluging the world,
 Sick Nature pants; and from the cleaving earth
 Light vapours, undulating thro' the air, 140
 Contagious fly, engend'ring dire disease,
 Red plague and fever, or in fogs aloft
 Condensing, shew a ruffling tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from the Atlantic surge,
 Wild world of waters ! distant clouds ascend 145
 In vap'ry confluence, deep'ning cloud on cloud,
 Then rolling dust along to east and north,
 As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
 Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon.
 Lo ! bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand, 150
 In homeward warnings thro' each feeling nerve
 Haste from the hour of terror and of storm.
 The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
 Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
 And Death attend, the servants of his nod, 155
 First in deaf murmurs sounds the deep alarm,
 Heard from afar, awak'ning awful thought.
 Dumb sadness fills this nether world ; the gloom
 With double blackness lours ; the tempest swells,
 And expectation shakes the heart of man. 160

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
 Broad o'er the south, fermenting in their womb,
 Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
 Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
 From mine or unctuous soil ; and, lo ! at once, 165
 Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
 Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
 Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,
 Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
 On all sides burning ; now the face of things 170
 Disclosing, swallow'd now in tenfold night.
 Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
 From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
 Amazing bursts ! Air, sea, and shore, resound :
 Horror sits shudd'ring in the felon breast, 175
 And feels the dreadful flash before it flies :
 Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,
 And all is storm within. The murd'rer, pale
 With conscious guilt, tho' hid in deepest shade,
 Hears and flies wild, pursu'd by all his fears, 180
 And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
 Rise hideous, glaring on him thro' the gloom.

Hark ! thro' th' aerial vault the storm, inflam'd,

Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
 Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst; 185
 Torn from its base, as if the gen'ral frame
 Were tumbling into chaos.--- There it fell,
 With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion flash'd:
 Destruction marks its path. Yon' riven oak
 Is hid in smould'ring fires; surpris'd beneath 190
 The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
 A livid corse. Yon' cottage flames to heav'n,
 And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
 All horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
 The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes 195
 Shudd'ring and speechless round---O Pow'r divine!
 Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of Fate,
 Thy hand, tho' terrible, shall man decide
 If punishment or mercy dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies 200
 Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd;
 At once the clouds fly scatt'ring, and the sun
 Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the world.
 Parent of light and joy! to all things he
 New life restores, and from each drooping field 205
 Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
 Fast-rising to his ray, till ev'ry flow'r
 Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,
 From sense of late-felt danger, till confirm'd, 210
 In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
 Rejoice aloud to heav'n: on either hand
 The woodlands warble, and the vallies low.
 So pass the songful hours. And now the sun,
 Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main, 215
 Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,
 The space of many seas beneath his eye,
 Heaves in soft swellings murm'ring to the shore:
 A circling glory glows around his disk
 Of milder beams; part, streaming o'er the sky, 220
 Inflames the distant azure; part below
 In level lines shoot thro' the waving wood,
 Clad half in light and half in pleasing shade,

That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon' ev'ning clouds,
 Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd, 225
 Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
 Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
 Of visionary beauty, antique tow'rs
 With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,
 Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink 230
 As sportful Fancy lifts; till late, the sun
 From human eye behind earth's shading orb
 Total withdrawn, th' aërial landscape fades.

Distinction fails, and in the dark'ning west
 The last light, quiv'ring, dimly dies away. 235
 And now th' illusive flame oft' seen at eve
 Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
 Glides o'er the lawn, betok'ning Nights approach:
 Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
 Onward she comes with silent step and slow, 240
 In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
 The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
 And Meditation, with his eye on heav'n.

Musing, in sober mood, of time and life,
 That fly with unrelenting wing away 245
 To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
 Eternity! thro' desert ways I walk,
 Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shunn'd
 By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
 And the boughs rustle round me where I stand, 250
 With fancy all arous'd.---Far on the left
 Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
 The raven's haunt, and down its woody steep
 A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
 His sounding waters; white on ev'ry cliff 255
 Hangs the light foam, and sparkles thro' the gloom.

Behind me rises huge a rev'rend pile
 Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,
 Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells:
 Brooding o'er fightless skulls and crumbling bones 260
 Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare
 (Sad trophies of his pow'r where ivy twines
 Its fatal green around) the falling roof,

The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,
 The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd, 265
 Whose monumental flatt'ry, mix'd with dust,
 Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
 All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd,
 Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
 Screams solitary to the mournful moon, 270
 Glimm'ring her western ray thro' yonder aisle,
 Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
 His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight Shades! hail, venerable Dome!
 By age more venerable; sacred shore, 275
 Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
 Where never wind of passion or of guilt,
 Of suff'ring or of sorrow, shall invade
 The calm sound night of those who rest below:
 The weary are at peace; the small and great, 280
 Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here:
 Here sleeps the pris'ner safe, nor feels his chain,
 Nor hear's th' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
 With all the sons of Mourning, fearless now
 Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose. 285
 Proud Greatness, too, the tyranny of pow'r,
 The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
 And name and place, are here—for ever lost!

But, at near distance on the mould'ring wall
 Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd, 290
 And fair inscription, where with head declin'd
 And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
 Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
 Thyrsis---'tis he! the wisest and the best!
 Lamented Shade! whom ev'ry gift of Heav'n 295
 Profusely bless'd; all learning was his own;
 Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
 Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear:
 His manners greatly plain: a noble grace,
 Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art, 300
 Adorn'd him; his calm temper winning mild;
 Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright:
 Constant in doing well, he neither sought

Nor shunn'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected; sympathizing, he 305
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.

'Tis morning, and the sun his welcome light
Swift, from beyond dark Ocean's orient stream,
Cast thro' the air, renewing Nature's face 310

With heav'n-born beauty: o'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along
Quick as the darted beam from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm, 315

Region of horrors! here amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides th' ungenial pow'r,
For ever silent, shiv'ring and forlorn!

From Zembla's cliffs on to the straights furnis'd 320
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,

One glitt'ring waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo! hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp, ascend, 325

Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable, rising from afar

In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, and azure range of clouds:
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime, 330
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,

Advent'rous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Thro' floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves in search of doubtful shores,
By west or east, a path yet unexplor'd. 335

Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the Desert lies

Where Desolation keeps his empty court: 340

No bloom of spring o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grafs, is found, but sands instead
In steril hills, and rough rocks rising grey.

A land of fears! where visionary forms
 Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire, 345
 Swarm, and before them speechless Horror stalks!
 Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
 The secret hag and forcerer unblest'd
 Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
 Spoils of the violated grave; and now 350
 Late, at the hour that severs night from morn,
 When sleep has silenc'd ev'ry thought of man,
 They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
 And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
 To the four winds of heav'n with haggard gaze, 353
 Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
 Op'ning the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
 To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
 Heard in low murmurs thro' the low'ring sky.
 From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of Death,
 With devious wing, to fairer climes remote 361
 Southward I stray, where Caucasus in view,
 Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
 Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
 On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd, 365
 Pale-glitt'ring with eternal snows to heav'n.
 From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
 Scarce climb to darken, rough with murm'ring woods,
 Imagination travels with quick eye
 Unbounded o'er the globe, and wond'ring views 370
 Her rolling seas and intermingled isles,
 Her mighty continents, outstretch'd immense,
 Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,
 Their regions numberless extend; and where,
 To farthest point of west, Columbus late 375
 Thro' untry'd oceans bore to shores unknown
 Moor'd his first keel advent'rous, and beheld
 A new, a fair, a fertile world arise!
 But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
 Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill, 380
 The Muse's walk, on which the sun's bright eye
 Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
 Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,

And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
 Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst, 385
 Lavish of flow'rs and fragrance, where soft Spring,
 Lord of the year, indulges to each field
 The fanning breeze, live spring, and shelt'ring grove.

In these blest'd plains a spacious city spreads
 Its round extent magnificent, and seems 390
 The seat of empire: dazzling in the sky,
 With far-seen blaze, her tow'ry structures shine,
 Elab'rate works of art! each op'ning gate
 Sends forth its thousands: peace and plenty round
 Environ her. In each frequented school 395
 Learning exalts his head, and Commerce pours
 Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
 How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
 Of lasting bliss secure: yet all must fail,
 O'erturn'd and lost---nor shall their place be found.

A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead, 401
 Arises inauspicious o'er the heav'ns.
 'The beamless sun looks wan; a sighing cold
 Winters the shadow'd air; the birds on high,
 Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand: 405
 And now, within the bosom of the globe,
 Where sulphur stor'd and nitre peaceful slept,
 For ages, in their subterranean bed,
 Ferments th' approaching tempest. Vap'ry streams,
 Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd, 410
 Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mass,
 Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
 With horror unconceiv'd, disploded bursts
 Its central prison---Shook from shore to shore
 Reels the broad continent with all its load, 415
 Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes;
 Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
 And lightning's ruddy glare, while from beneath
 Deaf distant roarings, thro' the wide profound
 Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains. 420

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital
 Crowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
 Fastening dun night and terror o'er the heads

Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
 Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around, 425
 A moment's dreadful silence! then loud screams
 And eager supplications rend the skies.

Lo! crowds on crowds, in hurry'd streams along,
 From street to street, from gate to gate, roll'd on,
 This, that way burst in waves, by horror wing'd 430
 To distant hill or cave, while half the globe,
 Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
 Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
 In surges, her vex'd surface rolls a sea:

Ruin ensues; tow'rs, temples, palaces, 435
 Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof,
 Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd
 Full total—In that universal groan,
 Sounding to heav'n, expir'd a thousand lives,
 O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn 441
 The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
 Flashing pale flames—down thro' the gulphs profound,
 Screaming, whole crowds of ev'ry age and rank,
 With hands to heav'n rais'd high imploring aid, 445
 Prone to th' abyss descend, and o'er their heads
 Earth shuts her pond'rous jaws. Part lost in night
 Return no more; part on the wafting wave,
 Borne thro' the darkness of th' infernal world,
 Far distant rise, emerging with the flood, 450
 Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
 A shudd'ring band! distraction in each eye
 Stars wildly motionless; they pant, they catch
 A gulph of air, and grasp with dying aim
 The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate, 455
 Short interval! a moment's doubtful life:

For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
 With final dissolution, the huge mass
 Falls undermin'd—Down, down th' extensive seat
 Of this fair city, down her buildings sink! 460
 Sinks the full pride her ample walls inclos'd,
 In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond
 Heav'n loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!

Image of Nature's gen'ral frame destroy'd!
 How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
 The purposes of Heav'n! At once o'erthrown
 White age and youth, the guilty and the just;
 O seemingly severe, promiscuous fall!
 Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
 The fearful providence, confus'd, subdu'd
 To silence and amazement, with due praise
 Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
 His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!

465

470

The country mourns around with alter'd look:
 Fields where but late the many-colour'd Spring
 Sat gaily dress'd amid the vernal breath
 Of roses, and the song of nightingales
 Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die:
 Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
 A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
 In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
 With rough encumbrance, or thro' depths of earth
 Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.

475

480

Sulphureous damps, of dark and deadly pow'r,
 Steam'd from th' abyss, fly secret overheard,
 Wounding the healthful air, whence foul disease,
 Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks;
 In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
 Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
 Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd:
 Here into madness work'd and boiling o'er
 Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
 Foaming out mud and filth; here downward sunk
 To folly, and in idle musing warp'd,
 Now chafing with fond aim the flying cloud,
 Now numb'ring up the drops of falling rain.

485

490

495

A while the fiery spirit in its cell
 Infidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
 Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
 Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collision down
 Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
 That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
 Wide thro' her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd

500

The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeasurable source, whence ocean fills 505
His num'rous seas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, thro' all its dark expanse
In dire commotion boils, and bursting way
Up thro' th' unfounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps, 510
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
With raving violence: and now their shores,
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
O'er swelling mound and cliff; now swift and strange,
With reflux wave retreating leave the beach 515
A naked of waste sands—Mean-time, behold!

Yon' neighb'ring mountain rising black and bare,
Its double top in steril ashes hid,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near; 520
Storehouse of Fate! from whose infernal womb,
With fiery min'rals and metallic ore
Pernicious freight, ascends eternal smoke;
Now wav'ring loose in air, now borne on high,
A dusky column height'ning to the sun! 525
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds,
As of a clam'ring multitude enrag'd, 530
The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds,
Thro' wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns:
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave, 535
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day,
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air:
Instant in one broad burst a stream of fire 540
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause nor rest; again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook;

Again with loud'ning rage, intensely fierce,
 Disgorges pyramids of quiv'ring flame,
 Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
 Flung out in thund'ring ruins to the sky.

545

But see! in second pangs the roaring hill
 From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
 Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk,
 Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
 On its own base direct, aloft in air,
 Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
 Still as it swells, thro' all the dark extent,
 With wonder seen, ten thousand lightnings play
 In flash'd vibrations, and from height to height
 Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
 Protruded by th' explosive breath below,
 At once the shadowy summit breaks away
 To all sides round, in billows broad and black,
 As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
 A vap'ry deluge hiding earth and heav'n.

550

555

560

Thus all day long; and now the beamless sun
 Sets as in blood: a dreadful pause ensues,
 Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
 Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades
 Falls back and boundless o'er the scene: suspense
 And terror rule the hour. Behold! from far,
 Imploring Heav'n with supplicating hands
 And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
 Yon' peopled city stands, each sadden'd face
 Turn'd t'wards the hill of fear; and, hark! once more
 The rising tempest shakes its founding vaults,
 Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
 Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
 Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,
 That, planted by the murd'rous hand of War
 To shake the round of some proud capital,
 At once disploded, in one bursting peal
 Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
 From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
 Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd:
 Mean-while the fluid lake that works below,

565

570

575

580

Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron scum,
 Heaves up its boiling tide: the lab'ring mount 585
 Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
 Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
 A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
 That glimmer thro' the night to yonder plain:
 Divided there, a hundred torrents stream, 590
 Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
 Resistless: villages, and woods, and rocks,
 Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
 Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
 Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride, 595
 And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
 Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
 Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flow'r, from end to end
 Lies bury'd under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with advent'rous wing the globe, 600
 From scene to scene excursive, I behold
 In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
 Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
 The sov'reign Maker, first, supreme, and best,
 Who actuates the whole; at whose command, 605
 Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,
 His ministers of vengeance, to reprove
 And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
 His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
 Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfined. 610

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating pow'r
 On earth, but chief on high thro' heav'n display'd:
 There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
 Of Majesty divine: refulgent there
 Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train 5
 Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
 And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
 To those bright climes, awak'ning all her pow'rs,
 And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse
 Ascending soars on thro' the fluid space, 10
 The buoyant atmosphere, whose vivid breath,

THE EXCURSION,

Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
 The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
 Diffus'd with quick'ning energy. Now still,
 From pole to pole th'aërial ocean sleeps, 15
 One limpid vacancy; now rous'd to rage
 By blust'ring meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud,
 With thund'rous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
 And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
 A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd, 20
 Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal sphere
 Receding flies approach, its circling arch
 Alike remote, translucent, and serene:
 Glorious expansion! by th' Almighty spread,
 Whose limits who hath seen! or who with him 25
 Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
 And visited the host of heav'n around!
 Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how small
 The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
 Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change. 30
 But here unruffled Calm her even reign
 Maintains eternal; here the lord of day,
 The neighb'ring Sun, shines out in all his strength,
 Noon without night. Attracted by his beam
 I thither bend my flight, tracing the source 35
 Where morning springs; whence her innum'rous streams
 Flow lucid forth, and roll thro' trackless ways
 Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain orb,
 Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
 Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air, 40
 Are but a central point, expands immense,
 A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
 That deluges all ether with its tide.
 What pow'r is that which to its circle bounds
 The violence of flame! in rapid whirls 45
 Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
 Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world
 Motion incredible! to which the rage
 Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
 In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell 50
 That radiance beyond measure on the sun

Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon' worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!

Such virtue he, the Majesty of heav'n, 55
Brightness original! all-bounteous king!

Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike

Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots, 60

And dim the day; whence that malignant light,

When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year

With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise

In shady circles, like the moon beheld

From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face 65

Turns thitherward opaque; a space they brood

In congregated clouds, then breaking float

To all sides round: dilated some and dense,

Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees

Spread from the confines of the light along, 70

Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure

On to its adverse coast, till there they set,

Or vanish scatter'd, meas'ring thus the time

That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

Farthest of beings! first-created Light! 75

Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone

The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,

The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,

The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,

From thy unfailing source of splendour draw! 80

In thy pure shine with transport I survey

This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,

Their magnitudes and motions; those how vast!

How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,

From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd, 85

Unerring, undisturb'd, the sun's bright train,

Progressive thro' the sky's light fluent borne

Around their centre. Mercury the first,

Near bord'ring on the day, with speedy wheel

Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes, 90

With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.

Next Venus to the westward of the sun,
 Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
 Circles her larger round. Fair morning star!
 That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
 The seat of man, hung in the heav'ns remote,
 Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
 The sun arise, as thro' the zodiac roll'd;
 Full in the middle path oblique she winds
 Her annual orb; and by her side the Moon,
 Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
 Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
 A softer daylight, whose attractive pow'r
 Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
 From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.

95

100

105

Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
 Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
 With kingly state, the rival of the sun;
 About him round four planetary moons,
 On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
 Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
 These in th' horizon flow ascending climb
 The steep of heav'n, and, mingling in soft flow
 Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.

110

Those opposite roll downward from their noon
 To where the shade of Jove, out-strech'd in length
 A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
 Thro' many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
 A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
 Fading their lustre, till they sink involv'd
 In total night, and disappear eclips'd.

115

120

By this the sage who, studious of the skies,
 Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,
 By this observ'd the rapid progress finds
 Of light itself; how swift the headlong ray
 Shoots from the sun's height thro' unbounded space,
 At once enlight'ning air, and earth, and heav'n.

125

Last utmost Saturn walks his frontier round,
 The boundary of worlds, with his pale moons
 Faint-glimm'ring thro' the darkness Night has thrown,
 Deep-dy'd and dead o'er this chill globe forlorn;

131

An endless desert, where extreme of cold
 Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
 On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
 Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the sight 135
 Amid these doleful scenes new matter finds
 Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
 On each side rising from th' horizon's verge,
 Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
 Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on 140
 Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
 Climbs slowly to its height, and at th' approach
 Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace,
 Draws westward off, till thro' the lucid round
 In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen. 145

Beauteous appearance; by th' Almighty's hand
 Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
 Great universal Ruler! earth and heav'n
 Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
 Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime, 150
 That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
 By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
 Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
 Thy virtual energy the frame of things
 Pervading actuates; as at first thy hand 155
 Diffus'd thro' endless space this limpid sky,
 Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
 Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each,
 Observant all of one unchanging law.
 Simplicity divine! by this sole rule, 160
 The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
 Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
 With mutual love, and to their central sun
 All gravitating; now with quicken'd pace
 Descending t'ward the primal orb, and now 165
 Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid pow'r infus'd
 Thro' universal nature, first was known
 To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
 The boast of human race, whose tow'ring thought, 170
 In her amazing progress unconfined,

From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
 Of science, whither mankind from afar
 Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
 By death from frail mortality set free, 175
 A pure intelligence he wings his way
 Thro' wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
 Invisible, amid the gen'ral choir
 Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
 Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes, the soul! 180
 His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
 For God himself shines forth immediate there,
 Thro' those eternal climes, the frame of things,
 In its ideal harmony, to him
 Stands all reveal'd.— 185
 But how shall mortal wing
 Attempt this blue profundity of heav'n,
 Unfathomable, endless of extent!
 Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
 Whose numbers who shall tell? stupendous host; 190
 Inflaming millions thro' the vacant hung,
 Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
 Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought!
 Awful their order; each the central fire
 Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed, 195
 Solemn and silent, thro' the pathless void
 Nor change nor error knows. But their ways
 By Reason, bold advent'rer, unexplor'd,
 Instructed can declare! What search shall find
 Their times and seasons! their appointed laws, 200
 Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
 And of intelligence, from scale to scale
 Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree,
 Numberless orders, each resembling each,
 Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height 205
 Of wisdom and of pow'r, that this great whole
 Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
 An infinite of wonders!—Thou! supreme,
 First independent Cause, whose presence fills
 Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves, 210
 Father of human-kind! the Muse's wing

Sustaining guide, while to the heights of heav'n
 Roaming th' interminable vast of space,
 She rises, tracing thy almighty hand
 In its dread operations. Where is now 215
 The seat of mankind, earth ? where her great scenes
 Of wars and triumphs ? empires fam'd of old,
 Assyrian, Roman ? or of later name,
 Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
 Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd ? 220
 Where is their place ?—Let proud Ambition pause,
 And sicken at the vanity that prompts
 His little deeds :—with earth, those nearer orbs,
 Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
 And each a world, are now for sight too small, 225
 Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,
 Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
 A glimm'ring star amid the train of night !
 While in these deep abysses of the sky,
 Spaces incomprehensible, new suns, 230
 Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine ;
 Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
 Amid the northern host ; nor with less state,
 At sunless distance, huge Orion's orbs,
 Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon 235
 Of Sirius, burning thro' the south of heav'n.
 Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
 The Milky Way, whose stream of vivid light,
 Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
 Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun, 240
 And whitens the long path to heav'n's extreme ;
 Distinguish'd tract ! but as with upward flight
 Soaring I gain th' immensurable steep,
 Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
 Thro' these wide fields, all broaden into suns, 245
 Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,
 In circuit ample as the solar heav'ns.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
 Day without cloud abides, alone, and fill'd
 With holy horror, trembling I survey 250
 Now downward thro' the universal sphere

Already past: now up to th' heights untry'd,
 And of th' enlarging prospect find no bound!
 About me on each hand new wonders rise
 In long succession; here pure scenes of light 255
 Dazzling the view, here nameless worlds afar,
 Yet undiscover'd; there a dying sun
 Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
 Incredible to tell! thick vap'ry mists
 From ev'ry shore exhaling, mix obscure 260
 Innumerable clouds, disspreading slow,
 And deep'ning shade on shade, till the faint globe,
 Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams:
 Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
 With horror see, from distant spheres around, 265
 The source of day expire, and all his worlds
 At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: heav'n itself,
 Subject to change, so feels the waste of years:
 So this cerulean round, the work divine 270
 Of God's own hand, shall fade, and empty night
 Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
 From west to east their periods; where the train
 Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
 With infinite excursion, thro' th' immense 275
 Of ether, traversing from sky to sky
 Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
 Whose length to trace imagination fails!
 Various their paths, without resistance all
 Thro' these free spaces borne; of various face, 280
 Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
 Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers;
 That thro' the shade of night, projecting huge,
 In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
 Embod'ed mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass 285
 Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air,
 While distant orbs with wonder and amaze
 Mark its approach, and night by night, alarm'd,
 Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
 Whose march is ever fatal, in whose train 290
 Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,

Each on his pale horse rides, the ministers
Of angry Heav'n, to scourge offending worlds !

But, lo ! where one from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare thro' yonder sky, 295
Region of darkneis, where a sun's lost globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies,
By some hid pow'r attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion ! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending falls 300
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhausted orb ; and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive thro' the gloom, and spreads
In orient streams to his fair train afar
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won, 305
And wond'ring at the morn's unhop'd return.

In still amazement lost th' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
With all his worlds ! while thus at large her flight
Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne 310
Far thro' ethereal ground, the boundless walk
Of spirits, daily travellers from heav'n,
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,
Searching th' almighty Maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and in triumphant choir 315
Of voice and harp extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures ! cloth'd with brightness round
Empyreal from the source of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's stainleis beam ;
Their will unerring, their affections pure, 320
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone ; for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more :
Sublime their intellect, and without spot, 325
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time ;
The train of beings, all by gradual scale
Descending, sumless orders and degrees ;
Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try, 330
Of God's perfections ; how these heav'ns first sprung

From unprolific night ; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and measure ; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all 335
The will of Heav'n fulfil : some his fierce wrath
Bear thro' the nations, pestilence and war ;
His copious goodness some, life, light, and blifs,
To thousands : some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, shelt'ring with their guardian wings
The pious monarch and the legal throne. 341

Nor is the sov'reign nor th' illustrious great
Alone their care : to ev'ry less'ning rank
Of worth propitious, these blest'd minds embrace
With universal love the just and good, 345
Wherever found ; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depress'd by fortune, and with hate pursu'd,
Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow,
Yet dear to Heav'n, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk, 350
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities and low pursuits
That busy human-kind ; to view their ways 355
With pity ; to repay for num'rous wrongs
Meekness and charity : or rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour to survey
The circuit of creation, all these suns
With all their worlds : and still from height to height,
By things created rising, last ascend 361
To that First Cause who made, who governs, all,
Fountain of being, self-existent Pow'r,
All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures and fills th' immensity of space ; 365
That infinite diffusion, where the mind
Conceives no limits : undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no landmarks are,
No paths to guide imagination's flight. 369

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy; but the Author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in, for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public; though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or Western Isles, that surround one part of Great Britain, it may not be improper to inform the reader that he will find a particular account of it in a little treatise, published near half a century ago, under the title of 'A Voyage to St. Kilda.' The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes, at length, the situation, extent, and produce, of that solitary island: sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants; a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any perhaps on the face of the whole earth; to whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours, *Plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta.*

They live together as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold, but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor, for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes
have

have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock, but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher, however the caverns formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, as in his own island there grows not a shrub, equally surprised and delighted him; but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters, and, upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world; "for," said he, "it is attended with no kind of pain."

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles II. when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy,

44 PREFACE TO AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

impolicy, made the people of that country desperate, and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were oft' the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of Fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction; and I know that the original is still kept in the Secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius, in the second Canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this Poem may meet with the Author cannot foresee; and in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole; to be true to Nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but, above all, in effectually touching the passions, which as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry, the candour of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.



AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:
OR,
THE HERMIT.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
That in sweet union harmonize thy mind;
Here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe, 5
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heav'n preferr'd
For thee, for him, by gracious Heav'n be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine
Unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondness mine: 10
So thro' long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up and Friendship close our day;
Till, summon'd late this lower heav'n to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive. 14

CANTO I.

FAR in the wat'ry waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height
Aloft to heav'n remotest Kilda lifts, 5
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.
Thrice happy land! tho' freezing on the verge
Of Arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts
That polish to deprave each softer clime, 10
With simple nature, simple virtue, blest'd,
Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War
Uprear'd his sanguine standard, nor unsheath'd,
For wealth or pow'r, the desolating sword;
Where Luxury, soft Syren, who around 15
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane, that sooths at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown: but calm Content,

That lives to reason, ancient faith, that binds
 The plain community of guileless hearts 20
 In love and union, innocence of ill
 Their guardian genius; these the pow'rs that rule
 This little world, to all its sons secure,
 Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
 From passion's rage, the body from disease: 25
 Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
 Firm in each sinew Vigour's pliant spring,
 By temp'rance brac'd to peril and to pain,
 Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmont 30
 For food or pastime: these light up their morn,
 And close their eve in slumber sweetly deep,
 Beneath the north, within the circling swell
 Of Ocean's raging sound: but last and best,
 What Av'rice, what Ambition, shall not know, 35
 True Liberty is theirs, the heav'n-sent guest,
 Who in the cave, or on th' uncultured wild,
 With Independence dwells and peace of mind,
 In youth, in age, their fun that never sets.

Daughter of Heav'n and Nature, deign thy aid, 40
 Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
 Of ev'ning forest, brown with broadest shade,
 Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
 As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot 45
 Thro' bow'ry groves, where Inspiration sits
 And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
 O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
 Thy wing high-hov'ring spread, and to the gale,
 The Boreal spirit breathing lib'ral round 50
 From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
 With answ'ring cadence free, as best beseems
 The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
 The world around, or deeper solitude, 55
 Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
 By fate unequal and the crime of war
 Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale

That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown.
 Wore out the flow remains of setting life 60
 In bitterness of thought, and with the furge,
 And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
 Would often mix—Oft' as remembrance sad
 Th' unhappy past recall'd, a faithful wife,
 Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd, 65
 His soul's companion and his softer friend,
 With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
 Her dawn of op'ning charms, defenceless left
 Within a tyrant's grasp! His foe profess'd,
 By civil madness, by intemp'rate zeal 70
 For diff'ring rites, imbitter'd into hate,
 And cruelty remorseless!---Thus he liv'd,
 If this was life, to load the blast with sighs,
 Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
 At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard 75
 The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
 Pour all the husband, all the father, forth
 In unavailing anguish, stretch'd along
 The naked beach, or shiv'ring on the cliff,
 Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm, 80
 Hail, snow, and show'r dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours, till time, the wretch's friend,
 Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
 Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
 And from the brain, with baleful vapours black, 85
 Each sullen spectre chase, his balm at length,
 Lenient of pain, thro' ev'ry fever'd pulse
 With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
 Arose, but unassur'd; as after winds
 Of ruffling wing the sea subsiding flow 90
 Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first
 Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
 To heav'n his eye, and thro' the turbid mists,
 By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own
 Sole arbiter of fate one Cause supreme, 95
 All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best
 In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand
 Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus in his bosom, ev'ry weak excess,
 The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge, 100
 To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
 By Virtue's hand, and in her bright'ning beam
 Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
 Before th' ascending sun; thro' faith he lives
 Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks 105
 Of Sin and Death: anticipating heav'n
 In pious hope, he seems already there,
 Safe on her sacred shore, and sees beyond,
 In radiant view, the world of light and love,
 Where Peace delights to dwell, where one fair morn
 Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring, 111
 That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,
 Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
 Yet murmurs from his breast, 'tis for the pangs
 Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel, 115
 Still suff'ring in his fate; 'tis for a foe
 Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heav'n
 That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
 O'er ev'ry southern clime had pour'd profuse 120
 The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue
 That greens the leaf, or thro' the blossom glows
 With florid light, his fairest month array'd;
 While Zephyr, while the silver-footed Dews,
 Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove 125
 Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
 Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
 Of Winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
 The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
 Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill, 130
 With wild thyme flow'ring, betony and balm,
 Blue lavender and carmel's* spicy root,
 Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate ev'ry breeze.

But high above the season full exerts
 Its verdant force in yonder peopled rocks, 135
 To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,

* The root of this plant, otherwise named *argatilis sylvaticus*, is aromatic, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 186.

The birds of passage transmigrating come,
 Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
 At Nature's summons their ærial state
 Annual to found, and in bold voyage steer 140
 O'er this wide ocean, thro' yon' pathless sky,
 One certain flight to one appointed shore,
 By Heaven's directive spirit here to raise
 Their temporary realm, and form secure,
 Where food awaits them copious from the wave, 145
 And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;
 Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
 To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
 Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step, 150
 And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
 Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
 Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
 With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
 Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves, 155
 From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
 Magnificently dreadful! where at large
 Leviathan, with each inferior name
 Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
 Finds endless range for pasture and for sport. 160
 Amaz'd he gazes, and, adoring, owns
 The Hand almighty, who its channel'd bed
 Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
 Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,
 With ev'ry wind to waft large Commerce on, 165
 Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
 And link in bonds of intercourse and love
 Earth's universal family. Now rose
 Sweet ev'ning's solemn hour: the sun declin'd
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament, 170
 Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
 Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
 With splendour undiminish'd, and each cloud
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
 In fair ærial landscape. Here, alone, 175
 On earth's remotest verge Aurelius breath'd

The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
 With awe-mix'd pleasure musing as he hung
 In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath;
 When, lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks, 180
 Deaf-murm'ring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
 From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds,
 At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
 Thro' wint'ry pines, high waving o'er the steep,
 Of sky-crown'd Apenine: the sea-pie ceas'd 185
 At once to warble; screaming from his nest
 The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
 From shore to sea: on came, before her hour,
 Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky
 With fearful blackness round*: sad Ocean's face 190
 A curling undulation shiv'ry swept
 From wave to wave; and now impetuous rose
 Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his wing,
 The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
 Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast, 195
 Aloft, and safe beneath a shelt'ring cliff,
 Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
 Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd,
 His stunn'd ear smote with all the thund'ring main,
 His eye with mountains surging to the stars, 200
 Commotion infinite. Where yon' last wave
 Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
 Shoots sudden forth, steep falling from the clouds,
 Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne,
 Before the blast, each growing sail expands, 205
 Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
 Bounds on his eye distinct: with sharpen'd ken
 Its course he watches, and in awful thought
 That Pow'r invokes whose voice the wild winds hear,
 Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heav'n,
 And save, who else must perish, wretched men, 210
 In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
 With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
 But, Oh! ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
 For Death bestrides the billow, nor your own 215

* See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58

Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
 Of instant fate. And, lo! his secret seat,
 Where never sun-beams glimmer'd, deep amidst
 A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
 The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes, 220
 And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
 Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
 Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
 Its blackest pinion, pour its loud'ning blasts
 In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth 225
 Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
 The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
 Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
 Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,
 And each rent sail flies loose in distant air. 230
 Now, fearful moment! o'er the sounding hull
 Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve
 Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends--
 Ah! save them Heav'n! it bursts in deluge down
 With boundless undulation: shore and sky 235
 Rebellow to the roar, at once ingulf'd,
 Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
 Are sunk to rise no more. Aurelius wept;
 The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek:
 He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene, 240
 And brooding in sad silence, o'er the sight
 To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
 Pour'd out to Heav'n in sighs: Thy will be done,
 Not mine, supreme Disposer of events!
 But death demands a tear, and man must feel 245
 For human woes: the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, where this receding bay*
 Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
 Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate
 Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof, 250
 Of some unfolding temple: on its height
 Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
 That o'er the green roof spread their fragrant food
 Untended crop. As thro' this cavern'd path,

* See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Involv'd in pensive thought, Aurelius pass'd, 255
 Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
 Remurmur'd shrill, he stopp'd, he rais'd his head,
 And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
 With wonder and with pity bending o'er
 A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth 260
 He lay: the living lustre from his eye,
 The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,
 And in their place on each chill feature spread,
 The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
 With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon, 265
 So faintly wan, thro' hoar'ring mists at eve,
 Grey Autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
 The briny wave, and close within his grasp
 Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
 Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breast, 270
 And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
 He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,
 Where bold proportion and where soft'ning grace
 Mix'd in each limb and harmoniz'd his frame.
 Aurelius from the breathless clay his eye 275
 To Heav'n, imploring, rais'd; then, for he knew
 That life, within her central cell retir'd,
 May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
 He bid transport it speedy thro' the vale
 To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low, 280
 Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill;
 An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
 On columns rude; its roof with rev'rend moss
 Light shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
 That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand 285
 They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
 The vap'ry air with aromatic smells;
 Then drops of sov'reign efficacy, drawn
 From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
 Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams 290
 Of direful vision, thudd'ring he awakes,
 While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts
 His flutt'ring pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek
 The rosy current wins its refluent way.

Recov'ring to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
 Severe on Heaven, on the surrounding hills
 With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,
 Dissolv'd in tears around, then clos'd again,
 As loathing light and life. At length in sounds
 Broken and eager, from his heaving breast 300
 Distraction spoke—"Down, down with ev'ry sail!
 "Mercy, sweet Heav'n!—Ha! now whole ocean sweeps
 "In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
 "We will not part—Help! help! yon' wave, behold!
 "That swells betwixt has borne her from my sight.
 "O for a sun to light this black abyss! 306
 "Gone—lost—for ever lost!" He ceas'd. Amaze
 And trembling on the pale assistants fell,
 Whom now with greeting and the words of peace
 Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensu'd, 310
 Mute, mournful, solemn, On the stranger's face
 Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
 Watchful, his ear, each murmur, ev'ry breath,
 Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
 Consoling speech: now doubtful to invade 315
 The sacred silence due to grief supreme:
 Then thus at last; "O from devouring seas
 "By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
 "Thy sense, return'd, can yet discern the Hand,
 "All-wonderful, that thro' yon' raging sea, 320
 "Yon' whirling west of tempest, led thee safe,
 "That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,
 "With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
 "Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
 "Th' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,
 "And human help in vain—th' almighty Voice 326
 "Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep
 "Yield up its prey; that by his mercy sav'd,
 "That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
 "A monument of wonder as of love, 330
 "May justify to all the sons of men,
 "Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
 "Such praise delights him most-----
 "He hears me not.

“ Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe, 335
“ Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
“ Thro’ the clos’d lids, now rolls in bitter stream!
“ Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
“ For know, by mournful privilege ’tis mine,
“ Myself most wretched, and in Sorrow’s ways 340
“ Severely train’d, to share in ev’ry pang
“ The wretched feel, to sooth the sad of heart,
“ To number tear for tear and groan for groan
“ With ev’ry son and daughter of distress.
“ Speak then, and give thy lab’ring bosom vent: 345
“ My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,
“ To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
“ Thro’ Reason’s paths, to Happiness and Heav’n.”
The Hermit thus; and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown. 350
“ What have I heard?—On this untravell’d shore,
“ Nature’s last limit, hemm’d with oceans round
“ Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
“ A comforter to find, whose language wears
“ The garb of civil life; a friend whose breast 355
“ The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
“ Amazement all! my grief to silence charm’d
“ Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown!
“ If woes for ever wedded to despair,
“ That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me 360
“ A meet companion; one whom earth and heav’n
“ Combine to curse; whom never future morn
“ Shall light to joy, nor ev’ning with repose
“ Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
“ From social converse tho’ for ever barr’d, 365
“ Tho’ chill’d with endless winter from the pole,
“ Yet warm’d by goodness, form’d to tender sense
“ Of human woes beyond what milder climes,
“ By fairer sons attemper’d, courtly boast;
“ O say, did e’er thy breast, in youthful life, 370
“ Touch’d by a beam from beauty all divine,
“ Did e’er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
“ In pleasing tumult pour’d thro’ ev’ry vein,
“ And panting at the heart, when first our eye

"Receives impression? then, as passion grew, 375
 "Did Heav'n consenting to thy wish indulge
 "That bliss no wealth can bribe, no pow'r bestow,
 "That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
 "Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
 "Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth— 380
 "If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
 "My joys conceiving, image my despair,
 "How total! how extreme! for this, all this,
 "Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
 "Lies lost and bury'd there—O, awful Heav'n! 385
 "Who to the wind and to the whelming wave,
 "Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 "Canst tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd Maid!
 "O, most undone Amyntor!"—Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice suppress'd:
 The rest was agony and dumb despair. 391

Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy gloom
 Spread, ere the glimm'ring twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
 The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt; 396
 And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
 With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to sooth not combat hopeless love.

"Amyntor, by that Heav'n who sees thy tears, 400
 "By faith and friendship's sympathy divine,
 "Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
 "This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
 "Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
 "How long in silent anguish to descend, 405
 "When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
 "Are fellow mourners? He who can resign
 "Has never lov'd; and wert thou to the sense,
 "The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
 "Cold and insensible, thy breast were then 410
 "No mansion for humanity, or thought
 "Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love
 "And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns
 "The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul

“ They soften, not subdue. We both will mix, 415
 “ For her thy virtue lov’d, thy truth laments,
 “ Our social sighs; and still as morn unveils
 “ The bright’ning hill, or ev’ning’s misty shade
 “ Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 “ Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each, 420
 “ Shall be our frequent theme: then shalt thou hear
 “ From me, in sad return, a tale of woes
 “ So terrible---Amyntor, thy pain’d heart,
 “ Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
 “ That mine has bled with---But behold! the dark
 “ And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk: 425
 “ Here break we off; and thou, sad mourner! try
 “ Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
 “ With timely sleep: each gracious wing from heav’n,
 “ Of those that minister to erring man, 430
 “ Near hov’ring, hush thy passions into calm,
 “ Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
 “ Of brightest vision, whisper to thy heart
 “ That holy peace which goodness ever shares,
 “ And to us both be friendly as we need!” 435

CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o’er the gen’ral scene,
 Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
 Vapour and cloud. Around th’ unsleeping isle
 Yet howl’d the whirlwind, yet the billow groan’d,
 And in mix’d horror to Amyntor’s ear
 Borne thro’ the gloom, his shrieking sense appall’d.
 Shook by each blast, and swept by ev’ry wave,
 Again pale Mem’ry labours in the storm:
 Again from her is torn whom more than life
 His fondness lov’d. And now another show’r 10
 Of sorrow o’er the dear unhappy maid
 Effusive stream’d, till late, thro’ ev’ry pow’r
 The soul subdu’d sunk sad to slow repose,
 And all her dark’ning scenes, by dim degrees,
 Were quench’d in total night: a pause from pain 15
 Not long to last; for Fancy, oft’ awake
 While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell

Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shews. And, lo! the deeps 20
In airy tumult swell : beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billows back : anon the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown 25
Where solitary, o'er the starless void,
Dumb Silence broods. Thro' heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his stagg'ring step infirm
With breathless toil ; hears torrent floods afar
Roar thro' the wild, and, plung'd in central caves, 30
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And bright'ning with their glow the brown abyfs,
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul, 35
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide ;
A spring of sudden myrtles flow'ring round
Their walk embow'r'd ; while nightingales beneath
Sung spousals, as along th' enamell'd turf
They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls, 40
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The fair encircled ; thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness, mix'd with air—
“ O, turn ! O, stay thy flight ! ” so loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled. 45
He groan'd, he gaz'd around ; his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still on his eye the hov'ring shadow blaz'd ;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,
Grateful deception ! till returning thought 50
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in ev'ry vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd, 55
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound ;
Then scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow

He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood,
 Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's voice
 Nor ow'd submission to the will of Heav'n 60

Restrains him; but as passion whirls his thought,
 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
 Tho' passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
 To which himself had borne th' unhappy fair,
 May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore 65
 He roll'd his ardent eye, but nought around
 On land or wave within his ken appears,
 Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
 The last sad tear, and lay the cov'ring mould.

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful Hours 70
 Heav'n's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
 Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
 Lifts high o'er earth and sea; while all unveil'd,
 The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
 Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great, 75
 Magnificently various. From this steep
 Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
 The northern deep: amidst, from space to space,
 Her num'rous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
 As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air, 80
 Shoot gradual from her bosom; and beyond,
 Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
 Of ev'ning skies, break forth the dawning hills,
 A thousand landscapes, barren some and bare,
 Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heav'n, 85
 Of horrid grandeur: some with founding ash,
 Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
 Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
 More lovely in the sun's adorning beam,
 Who now, fair rising o'er yon' eastern cliff, 90
 The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean-while Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
 Repose that Temp'rance sheds in timely dews
 On all who live to her, his mournful guest
 Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites 5
 And Virtue's rule enjoin; but first to him,
 Spring of all charity, who gave the heart

With kindly sense to glow, his matin song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address'd :

99

“ Fountain of light ! from whom yon’ orient sun
“ First drew his splendour ; Source of life and love !
“ Whose smile now wakes o’er earths rekindling face
“ The boundless blush of spring ; O, First and Best !
“ Thy essence tho’ from human sight and search,
“ Tho’ from the climb of all created thought 105
“ Ineffably remov’d, yet man himself,
“ Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
“ Unbounded pow’r, intelligence supreme,
“ The Maker’s hand, on all his works impress’d,
“ In characters coëval with the sun, 110
“ And with the sun to last ; from world to world,
“ From age to age, in ev’ry clime, disclos’d,
“ Sole revelation thro’ all time the same.
“ Hail universal Goodness ! with full stream
“ For ever flowing from beneath the throne 115
“ Thro’ earth, air, sea, to all things that have life ;
“ From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
“ The great community of Nature’s sons,
“ To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend !
“ And in the rev’rent hymn my grateful voice 120
“ Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
“ Nor lowest, with intelligence inform’d,
“ To know thee and adore ; with free-will crown’d,
“ Where Virtue leads to follow and be blest’d.
“ O, whether by thy prime decree ordain’d 125
“ To days of future life ; or whether now
“ The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
“ Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
“ Thro’ this dark scene of error and of ill,
“ Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer : 130
“ All else, of me unask’d, thy will supreme
“ Withhold or grant, and let that will be done.”

This from the soul in silence breath’d sincere,
The hill’s steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal’d ; such health the frugal board, 135
The morn’s fresh breath that exercise respire
In mountain walks, and conscience free from blame,

Our life's best cordial, can thro' age prolong.
 There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd lay
 The man unknown, nor heard approach his host, 140
 Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
 By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
 Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
 From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
 Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began. 145

“ O sight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,
 “ Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
 “ A feeling tear ! whom yesterday beheld
 “ By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd
 “ That fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams ; 150
 “ Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
 “ Each bliss that cheers ; there on the damp earth spread,
 “ Beneath a heav'n unknown, behold him now !
 “ And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
 “ The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel,
 “ The happy have to fear. O man forlorn ! 256
 “ Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
 “ To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
 “ Its tender anguish-----”

“ Hear me, Heav'n,” exclaim'd 160
 The frantic mourner. “ Could that anguish rise
 “ To madness and to mortal agony,
 “ I yet would bless my fate ; by one kind pang,
 “ From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
 “ For ever freed. To me the sun is lost ; 165
 “ To me the future flight of days and years
 “ Is darkness, is despair---But who complains
 “ Forgets that he can die. O, fainted Maid !
 “ For such in heav'n thou art, if from thy seat
 “ Of holy rest, beyond these changeeful skies, 170
 “ If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
 “ A lover and a friend, if yet these names
 “ Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
 “ To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
 “ Thy lifeless limbs, that I---O grief supreme ! 175
 “ O fate remorseless ! was thy lover sav'd
 “ For such a task ?---that I those dear remains,

" With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
 " Beneath the hallow'd vault, and, weeping there
 " O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close 180
 " These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!"
 " Such, and so dire," reply'd the cordial friend
 In Pity's look and language, " such, alas!
 " Were late my thoughts: whate'er the human heart
 " Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair, 185
 " Have all been mine, and with alternate war
 " This bosom ravag'd. Harken then, good Youth
 " My story mark, and from another's fate,
 " Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
 " Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear. 190
 " In me a man behold whose morn serene,
 " Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
 " In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
 " Drew fair distinction on my public name
 " From those among mankind, the nobler few, 195
 " Whose praise is fame; but there, in that true source
 " Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
 " In home-found peace and love, supremely blest'd!
 " Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
 " By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd, 200
 " Our hopes and fears, our earth and heav'n the same!
 " At last, Amyntor, in my failing age
 " Fall'n from such height, and with the felon herd,
 " Robbers and outlaws, number'd---thought that still
 " Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with shame!
 " Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear, 206
 " The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
 " Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
 " To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
 " And all, O sov'reign Reason! all deriv'd 210
 " From pow'r that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
 " A right divine to violate unblam'd
 " Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
 " The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!
 " O Charles! O Monarch! in long exile train'd, 215
 " Whose hopeless years th' oppressor's hand to know
 " How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,

- “ Now hear, thy people, groaning under wrongs
“ Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
“ Of want and woe, of danger and despair, 220
“ As heav’n has thine, to pity their distress !
“ Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
“ Be far th’ unhallow’d license of abuse ;
“ Be far the bitterness of faintly zeal,
“ That impious hid behind the patriot’s name 225
“ Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
“ In justice founded, circumscrib’d by laws,
“ The prince to guard—but guard the people too ;
“ Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,
“ Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss. 230
“ Fair Freedom ! birthright of all thinking kinds,
“ Reason’s great charter, from no king deriv’d,
“ By none to be reclaim’d, man’s right divine,
“ Which God who gave indelible pronounc’d. 234
“ But if, disclaiming this his heav’n-own’d right,
“ This first, best, tenure by which monarchs rule :
“ If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
“ The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject flock,
“ To grind and tear, not shelter and protect, 239
“ Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince
“ Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
“ And loyalty revolt from virtue’s law :
“ For say, Amyntor ! does just Heav’n enjoin
“ That we should homage hell ? or bend the knee
“ To earthquake or volcano when they rage, 245
“ Rend earth’s firm frame, and in one boundless grave
“ Ingulf their thousands ? Yet, O grief to tell !
“ Yet such, of late, o’er this devoted land
“ Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
“ Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep 250
“ Of wintry hill, or waste untravell’d heath,
“ Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
“ Proclaim’d it loud to heav’n : the arm of Pow’r
“ Extended fatal but to crush the head
“ It ought to screen, or with a parent’s love 255
“ Reclaim from error ; not with deadly hate,
“ The tyrant’s law, exterminate who err.

“ In this wide ruin were my fortunes funk ;
 “ Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
 “ Whom nature, whom the social life, renounc’d 260
 “ Unsummon’d, unimpleaded, was to death,
 “ To shameful death ! adjudg’d ; against my head
 “ The price of blood proclaim’d, and at my heels
 “ Let loose the murd’rous cry of human hounds :
 “ And this blind fury of commission’d rage, 265
 “ Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
 “ Known and abhorr’d for deeds of direst name,
 “ Was giv’n in charge ; a foe whom blood-stain’d zeal
 “ For what—O hear it not, all righteous Heav’n !
 “ Lest thy rous’d thunder burst—for what was deem’d
 “ Religion’s cause, had savag’d to a brute 271
 “ More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
 “ To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm’d,
 “ Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
 “ Familiar, and in each dire art of death 275
 “ Train’d ruthless up : as tigers on their prey
 “ On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
 “ Devouring fell ; nor that sequester’d shade,
 “ That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
 “ In happy league had dwelt, which War itself 280
 “ Beheld with rev’rence, could their fury ’scape ;
 “ Despoil’d, defac’d, and wrapt in wasteful flames ;
 “ For flame and rapine their consuming march
 “ From hill to vale by daily ruin mark’d.
 “ So, borne by winds along, in baneful cloud, 285
 “ Embodiy’d locusts from the wing descend
 “ On herb, fruit, flow’r, and kill the rip’ning year,
 “ While, waste behind, destruction on their track
 “ And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
 “ He dragg’d, the ruffian dragg’d---O Heav’n ! do I,
 “ A man, survive to tell it ? At the hour 291
 “ Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
 “ Of all who saw and curs’d his coward rage,
 “ He forc’d, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
 “ By menace, or by torture, from their fears 295
 “ My last retreat to learn, and still detains
 “ Beneath his roof accurs’d, that best of wives,

“ Emilia ! and our only pledge of love,
 “ My blooming Theodora !—Manhood there
 “ And nature bleed—Ah ! let not busy thought 300
 “ Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast :
 “ Discov’ry there once more my peace of mind
 “ Might wreck, once more to desperation sink
 “ My hopes in Heav’n.” He said ; but, O sad Muse !
 Can all thy moving energy of pow’r 305
 To shake the heart, to freeze th’ arrested blood,
 With words that weep and strains that agonize ;
 Can all this mournful magic of the voice 308
 Tell what Amyntor feels ? “ O Heav’n ! art thou—
 “ What have I heard ?—Aurelius ! art thou he ?—
 “ Confusion ! horror !—that most wrong’d of men !
 “ And, O most wretched too ! alas ! no more,
 “ No more a father—on that fatal flood
 “ Thy Theodora”—At these words he fell ;
 A deadly cold ran freezing thro’ his veins, 315
 And life was on the wing her loath’d abode
 For ever to forsake. As on his way
 The traveller, from heav’n by lightning struck,
 Is fix’d at once immovable, his eye
 With terror glaring wild, his stiff’ning limbs 320
 In sudden marble bound ; so stood, so look’d,
 The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
 Half-utter’d, yet too plain. No sign to rise,
 No tear had force to flow ; his senses all,
 Thro’ all their pow’rs, suspended, and subdu’d 325
 To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
 Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
 Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
 Fill’d up this interval severe. At last,
 As from some vision that to frenzy fires 330
 The sleeper’s brain, Amyntor waking wild,
 A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
 Drew furious forth—“ Me, me,” he cry’d, “ on me
 “ Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus
 “ My horrors end”—then madly would have plung’d
 The weapon’s hostile point.—His lifted arm 336
 Aurelius, tho’ with deep dismay, and dread,

And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
Collecting, and resuming all himself,
Seiz'd sudden; then perusing with strict eye
And beating heart Amyntor's blooming form,
Nor from his air or feature gath'ring aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke:

“ O dire attempt! whoe'er thou art, yet stay
“ Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt,

“ If guilt is thine, accumulating add
“ A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
“ Heav'n has indulg'd no mercy. Sov'reign Judge!

“ Shall man first violate the law divine,
“ That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,

“ Resign'd, unmurm'ring, to await his hour
“ Of fair dismissal hence; shall man do this,

“ Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
“ Red with the sin and recent from the stain
“ Of unrepented blood? Call home thy sense;

“ Know what thou art, and own his hand most just
“ Rewarding or afflicting—But say on;

“ My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
“ Recals thy words, recals their dire import:

“ They urge me on, they bid me ask no more—
“ What would I ask? my Theodora's fate,

“ Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
“ Good Heav'n! beyond all grace—But shall I blame

“ His rage of grief, and in myself admit
“ Its wild excess? Heav'n gave her to my wish;

“ That gift Heav'n has resum'd; righteous in both:
“ For both his providence be ever bless'd!”

By shame repress'd; with rising wonder fill'd,
Amyntor, slow-recov'ring into thought,

Submissive on his knee the good man's hand
Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips:

His eye, where fear, confusion, rev'rence, spoke
Thro' swelling tears, what language cannot tell,

Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him, till the various swell

Of passion ebbing, thus he falt'ring spoke:

“ What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch unknown?”

“ Whom knowing ev’n thy goodness must abhor.
“ Mistaken man ! the honour of thy name,
“ Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes. 380
“ I am—Aurelius ! turn that look aside,
“ That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
“ Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me Heav’n !
“ Forgive me, Virtue ! if I would renounce
“ Whom nature bids me rev’rence—by her bond 385
“ Rolando’s son ; by your more sacred ties,
“ As to his crimes an alien to his blood ;
“ For crimes like his——”
“ Rolando’s son ! Just Heav’n !
“ Ha ! here ? and in my pow’r ? a war of thoughts, 390
“ All terrible arising, shakes my frame
“ With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
“ The father’s heart, tho’ seas are spread between,
“ Were great revenge !—Away ! revenge ? on whom ?
“ Alas ! on my own soul ; by rage betray’d 395
“ Ev’n to the crime my reason most condemns
“ In him who ruin’d me.” Deep-mov’d he spoke,
And his own poniard o’er the prostrate youth
Suspended held ; but as the welcome blow,
With arms display’d, Amyntor seem’d to court, 400
Behold in sudden confluence gath’ring round
The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew
The man unknown with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rights ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came 405
Montano, venerable sage ! whose head
The hand of Time with twenty winters’ snow
Had show’r’d, and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos’d. Him, after pause, 410
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac’d, to lodge him and secure ;
To save him from himself, as one with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage distemper’d deep :
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain’d. 415

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
 With triple fork to heav'n, the mounted sun
 Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
 His noon-tide ray : and now, in lowing train,
 Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale 5
 The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
 And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
 The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
 Around its rocks to graze * ; for, strange to tell!
 The hour of ebb, tho' ever varying found, 10
 As yon' pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her courie inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times, by Heav'n's own hand,
 To all its creatures equal in its care,
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide 15
 To labour and repose a simple race,
 These native signs to due repast at noon,
 Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temp'rate isle,
 All but Aurelius : he, unhappy man!
 By Nature's voice solicited in vain, 20
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
 The child no more ! the mother's fate untold !
 Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
 'Twas anguish there ; 'twas here distracting doubt !
 Yet after long and painful conflict borne, 25
 Where nature, reason, oft' the doubtful scale
 Inclined alternate, summoning each aid
 That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of him
 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light, 30
 Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd,
 Again he sacrific'd to Heav'n's high will
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,
 The sigh soft mem'ry prompts, the tender tear,
 That streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost 35

* The cows often feed on the *alga marina*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 156.

With mournful magic tortures and delights,
Relieves us while its sweet oppression loads,
And by admitting blunts the sting of woe.

As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
And thro' the darkness shot her sun-bright ray, 49
That strengthens while it cheers, behold from far

Amyntor slow approaching! on his front
O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
Attraction sweetly sad: his noble port,
Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd, 45

And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Straight before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview; and thus the youth began:

“With patient ear, with calm attention, mark 50

“Amyntor's story; then, as Justice sees,

“On either hand her equal balance weigh,

“Absolve him or condemn---But, oh! may I

“A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,

“Unblam'd pronounce? that name to ev'ry son 55

“By Heav'n made sacred, and by Nature's hand,

“With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,

“Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach

“Of each irrev'rent thought.—These eyes, alas!

“The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal 60

“Too near beheld, its madness how extreme,

“How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,

“Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,

“Train'd on to holy mischief: scene abhorr'd!

“Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name; 65

“Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind

“Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge

“Severest hung, yet daring to appeal

“That Pow'r whose law is meekness, and for deeds

“That outrage heav'n belying Heav'n's command.

“Flexile of will, misjudging, tho' sincere 71

“Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd

“Implicit into guilt, and head-long urg'd

“His course unjust to violence and rage;

“Unmanly rage; when nor the charm divine 75



" Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,
 " Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,
 " Found rev'rence or distinction: yet, sustain'd
 " By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
 " Their threat'ning fate, imprisonment, and scorn,
 " And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdu'd 81
 " To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
 " With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
 " Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
 " But calmly constant, without effort great, 85
 " What reason dictates, and what Heav'n approves.
 " But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
 " Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow'r,
 " My further story clothe? O could I steal
 " From Harmony her softest-warbled strain 90
 " Of melting air, or Zephyr's vernal voice,
 " Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
 " To liquid blandishment his ev'ning lay,
 " All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
 " Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell 95
 " How unperceiv'd and secret thro' his breast,
 " As morning rises o'er the midnight shade,
 " What first was ow'd humanity to both,
 " Assisting piety and tender thought,
 " Grew swift and silent into love for one; 100
 " My sole offence---if love can then offend
 " When virtue lights and rev'rence guards its flame.
 " O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
 " That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
 " Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
 " Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease, 106
 " That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
 " For all in thee was native? from within
 " Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
 " From its unfailing source! and then, too, seen 110
 " In milder lights; by Sorrow's shading hand
 " Touch'd into pow'r more exquisitely soft,
 " By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
 " O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
 " With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul 115

"Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
 "Or Fortune leaves unhappy! passion then
 "Refines to virtue; then a purer train
 "Of heav'n-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
 "By self-regard, or thought of due return, 120
 "The breast expanding, all its pow'rs exalt
 "To emulate what reason best conceives
 "Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid
 "Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
 "When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds, 125
 "From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!
 "By this plain courtship of the honest heart
 "To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
 "The gentle maid with unreluctant ear, 129
 "Woul'd oft' admit; would oft' endearing crown
 "With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
 "In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
 "To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour!
 "O seen, but not enjoy'd; just hail'd and lost
 "Its flatt'ring brightness! Theodora's form, 130
 "Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye;
 "And love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
 "By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
 "Profanes not; love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
 "To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks back,
 "Reluctant to proceed; and filial awe, 141
 "With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
 "The veil of silence and oblivious night
 "Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
 "Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe 145
 "Dash'd with indignant scorn each harbour'd thought
 "Of soft emotion or of social sense,
 "Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
 "That bigot rage imbosoms, fled at once,
 "And all the savage reassum'd his breast. 150
 "'Tis just,' he cry'd; 'who thus invites disdain,
 "Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
 "Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
 "And, greatly daring, dignify the deed. 154
 "When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,

“ Thine from dissembling, from base flatt’ry mine,
 “ Shall be my care.’ This threat, by brutal scorn
 “ Keen’d and imbitter’d, terrible to both,
 “ To one prov’d fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
 “ The mortal worm that on Emilia’s frame 160
 “ Had prey’d unseen, now deep thro’ all her pow’rs
 “ Its poison spread, and kill’d their vital growth.
 “ Sick’ning, she sunk beneath this double weight
 “ Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
 “ Aurelius! O most injur’d of mankind! 165
 “ Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
 “ To woe new anguish? and to grief despair---
 “ She is no more---”
 “ O Providence severe!”

Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry’d; 170
 But curb’d a second groan, repell’d the voice
 Of froward grief, and to the Will supreme,
 In justice awful, lowly bending his,
 Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
 By all the war of nature tho’ assail’d, 175
 Escap’d his lips. “ What! shall we from Heav’n’s
 “ With life-receiving happiness, our share [grace
 “ Of ill refuse? and are afflictions aught
 “ But mercies in disguise? th’ alternate cup,
 “ Medicinal tho’ bitter, and prepar’d 180
 “ By Love’s own hand for salutary ends.
 “ But were they ills indeed, can fond Complaint
 “ Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
 “ This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
 “ Back to yon’ eastern coast, and bring again 185
 “ The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
 “ Of that unfounded deep the bury’d corse
 “ To light and life restore? Bless’d Pair! farewell!
 “ Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
 “ Of human fondness fighting in the breast, 190
 “ And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle Youth!
 “ And let me call thee Son, (for, O! that name
 “ Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
 “ Of pains for me too sadly have deserv’d)
 “ On with thy tale: ’tis mine when heav’n afflicts

- " 'To hearken and adore.'" The patient man 196
 Thus spoke; Amyntor thus his story clos'd:
 " As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
 " Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
 " Her closing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze, 200
 " On Theodora's face---'O save my child!'
 " She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
 " Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth,
 " I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
 " Her shade receive, and with the truest tears 205
 " Affection ever wept her dust bedew'd.
 " What then remain'd for honour or for love?
 " What, but that scene of violence to fly,
 " With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
 " Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour, 210
 " When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
 " With drowfiest influence reign, the waning moon
 " Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere,
 " On that drear spot within whose cavern'd womb
 " Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils 215
 " Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
 " I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
 " With sacred terror, which the time, the place
 " Pour'd on us, sadly solemn, I too bent 219
 " My trembling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand
 " Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene
 " By night's pale regent! by yon' glorious train
 " Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
 " By Death's dark emire! by the sheeted dust
 " That once was man, now mould'ring here below!
 " But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb 226
 " Rev'rent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
 " Th' unbodiy'd spirit hov'ring near, perhaps
 " As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
 " Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand, 230
 " Shall e'er divide our loves.---I led her thence,
 " To where, safe station'd in a secret bay,
 " Rough of descent, and brown with pendant pines
 " That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
 " We sail'd---But, O my father! can I speak 235

"What yet remains? yon' ocean, black with storm!
 "Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
 "The speechless crew aghast! and that lost fair!
 "Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
 "And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav'n 240
 "For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm
 "Expiring, sinking, with her fears she hung!
 "I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
 "And won at last with sums of proffer'd gold,
 "The boldest mariners this precious charge 245
 "Instant to save, and in the skiff secur'd,
 "Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
 "With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
 "To follow her---That moment from the deck
 "A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf; 250
 "Nor me alone; its broad and billowing sweep
 "Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious Heav'n!
 "My fatal love on her devoted head
 "Drew down---it must be so! the judgment due!
 "To me and mine; or was Amyntor sav'd, 255
 "For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
 "For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
 "And years of death to come?"---Nor further voice
 Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd;
 With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze 260
 To heav'n uplifted, motionless and mute
 He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair.

The lamp of day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
 Still flaming with full ardour, shot on earth
 Oppressive brightness round, till in soft steam, 265
 From Ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
 With grateful intervention o'er the sky
 Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad
 Soft-shadowing vale and plain and dazzling hill.
 Aurelius with his guest the western cliff 270
 Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
 From whence in double stream a lucid source
 Roll'd founding forth, and where with dewy wing
 Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
 Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle 275

Her village capital, where Health and Peace
Are tutelary gods, her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
To field and mead : her straw-roof'd temple rood, 280
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view : from scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd, and, sighing, thus began :

“ Not we alone ; alas ! in ev'ry clime
“ The human race are sons of sorrow born ; 285
“ Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
“ Of pain and grief, from fire to son deriv'd,
“ All have their mournful portion ; all must bear
“ Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
“ Vicissitude of suff'ring. Cast thine eye 290
“ Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
“ Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose lap,
“ From hence due east.” Amyntor look'd, and saw,
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd 295
With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mould and break th' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous ; those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white 300
With fruitful Ceres ; while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

“ Behold !” Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
“ From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd, 305
“ For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
“ What yet necessity demands severe.
“ Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
“ With orient beams, as many nights along
“ Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil 310
“ Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
“ The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
“ For both must labour, lanch'd, in quest of food,
“ Their island-skiff advent'rous on the deep :
“ Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd

“ The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
 “ Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
 “ As annual on from shore to shore they move
 “ In wat’ry caravan; them, thus intent,
 “ Dark from the south a gust of furious wing,
 “ Upspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears
 “ This little world of brothers and of friends!
 “ But when, at ev’ning hour, disjointed planks,
 “ Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
 “ To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal’d
 “ The wreck before surmis’d, one gen’ral groan
 “ To heav’n ascending, spoke the gen’ral breast
 “ With sharpest anguish pierc’d. Their ceaseless plaint,
 “ Thro’ the hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,
 “ At morn was heard; at midnight, too, were seen,
 “ Disconsolate on each chill mountain’s height
 “ The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
 “ With eager gaze—till from yon’ lesser isle,
 “ Yon’ round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam’d—
 “ Full north, behold! above the soaring lark
 “ Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
 “ With curling mists—at last from yon’ hoary hills,
 “ Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze
 “ And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
 “ Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
 “ Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
 “ Successive kindled, and from night to night
 “ Renew’d continues. Joy, with wild excess,
 “ Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
 “ From rapture wept; yet ever and anon
 “ By sad conjecture damp’d, and anxious thought
 “ How from yon’ rocky prison to release
 “ Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
 “ Destroy’d) and whom th’ inevitable siege
 “ Of hunger must assault: but hope sustains
 “ The human heart; and now their faithful wives,
 “ With love-taught skill and vigor not their own,
 “ On yonder field the autumnal year prepare.*.”

* The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain, that season, was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide *Martin’s Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 286.

Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself, 355
 On his severer fate, now pond'ring deep,
 Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left,
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale 360
 That cool with ev'ning rose, a thousand wings,
 The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
 Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers 365
 All living kinds : he glorious from amidst
 A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
 Wav'd on unbounded blush ; a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight ! 370
 But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
 Regardless on, thro' other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd
 Incessant to herself, and fabled o'er
 With darkest night, meet region for despair ! 375
 Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
 At distance saw, descending on the shore,
 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown 380
 A double band, who by their gestures strange
 There fix'd with wond'ring ; for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld ; at once to heav'n, as seem'd
 One gen'ral hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise ;
 Then slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps : 385
 Slow as they mov'd, behold ! amid the train,
 On either side supported, onward came
 Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,
 As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
 Or plung'd in grief profound--" Oh ! all ye Pow'rs !"
 Amyntor, starting, cry'd, and shot his soul 390
 In rapid glance before him on her face :
 " Illusion ! no—it cannot be. My blood

“Runs chill; my feet are rooted here—and, see!
 “To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form. 395
 “The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
 “Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
 “Presenting oft’ in pictur’d vision strange
 “The dead or absent, have yon’ shape adorn’d,
 “So like my love, of unsubstantial air, 400
 “Embody’d, featur’d, it with all her charms—
 “And, lo! behold! its eyes are fix’d on mine
 “With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!”
 He ran, he flew; his clasping arms receiv’d
 Her sinking weight--“O earth, and air, and sea! 405
 “’Tis she! ’tis Theodora! Pow’r divine,
 “Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
 “Omnipotent in mercy!” As he spoke,
 Adown his cheek, thro’ shiv’ring joy and doubt,
 The tear fast-falling stream’d. “My love! my life!
 “Soul of my wishes! sav’d beyond all faith! 411
 “Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
 “Fly, and from yon’ translucent fountain bring
 “The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
 “Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs, 415
 “My Theodora! yet awake: ’tis I,
 “’Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!” At that name,
 That potent name, her spirit from the verge
 Of death recall’d, she, trembling, rais’d her eyes;
 Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin’d, 420
 And murmur’d out his name, then sunk again;
 Then swoon’d upon his bosom thro’ excess
 Of bliss unhop’d, too mighty for her frame.
 The rosebud thus, that to the beam serene
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms, 425
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
 Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
 For now while on her face these men unknown
 The stream, with cold aspersions, busy cast,
 His eyes behold, with wonder and amaze, 430
 Behold in them—his friends! th’ advent’rous few,
 Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
 Had sav’d her from the deep! As o’er her cheek

Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
 In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd 435
 How to yon' isle; yon' round of moss-clad hills,
 Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
 These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there;
 (So Heav'n ordain'd) with utmost peril ran,
 With toil invincible, from shelve and rock 440
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 Its prow directed safe—He heard no more;
 The rest already known, his ev'ry sense,
 His full-collected soul, on her alone
 Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
 This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear. 446

“ Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
 “ My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
 “ Am I on earth! and do these arms indeed
 “ Thy real form infold? Thou dreadful deep! 450
 “ Ye shores unknown! ye wild-impending hills!
 “ Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
 “ 'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
 “ Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
 “ How vent the boundless transport that expands 455
 “ My lab'ring thought! th' unutterable bliss,
 “ Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
 “ The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
 “ This swimming brain; I would not now be torn
 “ Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart 460
 “ A second pang.” At this dilated high
 The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
 Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
 Now found, and broke in tender dew away
 Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge, 465
 With shelt'ring wing, solicitously good,
 The guardian genius hovers, so the youth,
 On her lov'd face assiduous and alarm'd,
 In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul
 With trembling tenderness of hope and fear 470
 Pleasingly pain'd was all employ'd for her;
 The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
 Attemp'ring, to compose, and gradual fit

For further joy her soft impressivè frame.

“ O happy ! tho’ as yet thou know’st not half 475

“ The bliss that waits thee ! but, thou gentle mind

“ Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,

“ For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast

“ With that best temp’rance, which from fond excess,

“ When rapture lifts to dang’rous height its pow’rs,

“ Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought

“ On wonder wait—safe refug’d in this isle, 482

“ Thy godlike father lives ! and, lo !—but curb,

“ Repress the transport that o’er heaves thy heart,

“ ’Tis he—look yonder—he, whose rev’rend steps 485

“ The mountain’s side descend ;”—Abrupt from his

Her hand she drew, and, as on wings upborne,

Shot o’er the space between. He saw, he knew,

Astonish’d knew, before him, on her knee,

His Theodora ! To his arms he rais’d 490

The lost lov’d fair, and in his bosom press’d.

“ My father !”—“ O my child !” at once they cry’d,

Nor more : the rest ecstatic silence spoke,

And Nature from her inmost seat of sense

Beyond all utt’rance mov’d. On this bless’d scene,

Where emulous in either bosom strove 496

Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,

Around with soft’ning aspect seem’d to smile,

And Heav’n, approving, look’d delighted down,

Nor theirs alone this blissful hour ; the joy, 500

With instant flow, from shore to shore along

Diffusive ran, and all th’ exulting isle

About the new-arriv’d was pour’d abroad ;

To hope long lost, by miracle regain’d !

In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept ; 505

While each a fire, a husband, or a friend,

Embracing held and kiss’d.

Now, while the song,

The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,

What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,

Best, harmony, their grateful souls effus’d 511

Aloud to heav’n, Montano, rev’rend seer !

(Whose eye prophetic far thro’ time’s abyss

Could shoot its beam, and there the births of Fate,
 Yet immature and in their causes hid, 515
 Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood;
 His frame with shiv'ry horror stirr'd, his eyes
 From outward vision held, and all the man
 Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
 On fluid air, as in a mirror seen, 520
 And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

"They fly!" he cry'd, "they melt in air away,
 "The clouds that long fair Albion's heav'n o'ercast!
 "With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd,
 "Her drooping plains; while dawning rosy round
 "A purer morning lights up all her skies! 526
 "He comes, behold! the great deliv'rer comes!
 "Immortal William! borne triumphant on,
 "From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
 "White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet, 530
 "A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
 "See! with spread wing Britannia's genius flies
 "Before his prow, commands the speeding gales
 "To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head,
 "Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel crown; 535
 "Bless'd emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
 "And hark! from either strand which nations hide,
 "To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
 "What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius! man
 "By Heav'n lov'd, thou, too, that sacred sun 540
 "Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!
 "I see thee on the flow'ry lap diffus'd
 "Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
 "From this bless'd pair to spring; whom equal faith,
 "And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold 545
 "From youth to rev'rend age, the calmer hours
 "Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn,
 "Thro' life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!"



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ADDRESSED TO A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

Advertisement.

The following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which by every man in his dominions would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this; however unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them; it will at the same time be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these:

March 3, 1761.

“ *** In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William III. for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the judges have been made during their good behaviour; but notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened. I look upon the independency and uprightness of the judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects, and as most conducive to the honour of the crown; and I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament, in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the judges in the enjoyment of their offices during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.”

TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

*It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.*

Imprimatur, meo periculo,

CHESTERFIELD.

A STREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there,
Till finding earth by Heav'n unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew;
There station'd in the Virgin sign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine;
Or if at times she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

5

10

For there—her eye with wonder fix'd,
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd,
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The patron of all worth and truth;

15

Not where the Virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him seated on a throne!
What fables paint, what poets sing,
She found in fact—a patriot-king!

20

But as a sight so nobly new
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view,
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift thro' surrounding shades of night
The goddess shot her beamy flight:
She stopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her fav'rite where he lay
In sweet repose; o'er all his face
Repose shed softer bloom and grace;
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toils and weary state
Are ev'ry monarch's envy'd fate)
The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.

25

30

35

In all the silence of surprise
She gaz'd him o'er; she saw arise,
For gods can read the human breast,
Her own idea there imprest;
And that his plan to bless mankind,
The plan now bright'ning in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine thro' nations yet unborn,
She calls Urania to her aid.

40

45

At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending quits her laurell'd grove;
Loose to the gale her azure robe,
Borne in her left a starry globe,
Where each superior son of fame
Will find inscrib'd his deathless name;
Her right sustains th' immortal lyre,
To praise true merit, or inspire.

50

55

- “ Behold”—Astrea thus began-----
 “ The friend of virtue and of man;
 “ Calm reason see in early youth!
 “ See in a prince the soul of truth! 60
 “ With love of justice, tender sense,
 “ For suff’ring worth and innocence,
 “ Who means to build his happy reign
 “ On this best maxim, wise and plain-----
 “ Tho’ plain, how seldom understood! 65
 “ That to be great he must be good:
 “ His breast is open to your eye;
 “ Approach, Urania! mark, and try:
 “ This bosom needs no thought to hide;
 “ This virtue dares our search abide. 70
 “ The sacred fountains to secure
 “ Of justice, undisturb’d and pure,
 “ From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
 “ To ruffle or to stain their course;
 “ That these may flow serene and free, 75
 “ The law must independent be;
 “ Her ministers, as in my sight,
 “ And mine alone, dispensing right;
 “ Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
 “ As honour just, as truth sincere, 80
 “ With temper firm, with spirit sage,
 “ The Mansfields of each future age.
 “ And this prime blessing is to spring
 “ From youth in purple! from a king!
 “ Who, true to his imperial trust, 85
 “ His greatness founds in being just;
 “ Prepares, like yon’ ascending sun,
 “ His glorious race with joy to run,
 “ And where his gracious eye appears,
 “ To bless the world he lights and cheers! 90
 “ Such worth with equal voice to sing,
 “ Urania! strike thy boldest string,
 “ And Truth, whose voice alone is praise,
 “ That here inspires shall guide the lays.
 “ Begin! awake his gentle ear 95
 “ With sounds that monarchs rarely hear:

“ He merits, let him know our love,
 “ And you record what I approve.”

She ended; and the heav'n-born maid
 With soft surprise his form survey'd:
 She saw what chastity of thought
 Within his stainless bosom wrought,
 Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,
 And, pausing, offer'd this reply.

“ Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,
 “ Such truths should to the world impart:
 “ My task is but in simple verse
 “ These promis'd wonders to rehearse;
 “ And when on these our verse we raise,
 “ The plainest is the noblest praise.

“ Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains;
 “ Would such a prince permit my strains?
 “ Deserving, but still shunning fame,
 “ The homage due he might disclaim.
 “ A prince who rules to save mankind,
 “ His praise would in their virtue find;
 “ Would deem their strict regard to laws,
 “ Their faith and worth, his best applause:
 “ Then Britons! your just tribute bring
 “ In deeds, to emulate your king;
 “ In virtues, to redeem your age
 “ From venal views and party rage:
 “ On his example safely rest;
 “ He calls, he courts, you to be blest;
 “ As friends, as brethren, to unite
 “ In one firm league of just and right.

“ My part is last; if Britain yet
 “ A lover boasts of truth and wit,
 “ To him these grateful lays to send,
 “ The monarch's and the Muse's friend,
 “ And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
 “ My voice may give to latest times.”

She said; and after thinking o'er
 The men in place near half a score,
 To strike at once all scandal mute,
 The goddess found and fix'd on Bute.

THE REWARD:
OR,
APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

Written in 1757.

A POLLO, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye :
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know :
Or have you mark'd th' averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look
Of Bumbo when a bard is seen
Charg'd with his Dedication-book ?

5

But gods are never in the wrong :
What then displeas'd the pow'r of Song ?

10

The case was this : Where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows ;
Since drums, and dice, and dissipation,

15

Have chas'd all taste from all the nation :
For is there now one table spread
Where Sense and Science may be fed ?
Where, with a smile on ev'ry face,
Invited Merit takes his place ?

20

These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to shroud
His head in one eternal cloud ;
When, lo ! his all-discerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,
Just crept abroad, as is his way,
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.

25

This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To ev'ry interposing cloud,
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
That he might warm his good old friend ;
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song.

30

“ With talents, such as God has given
“ To common mortals, six in seven,
“ Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
“ And govern whom they should obey ;
“ With no more frailties than are found
“ In thousand others, count them round ; 40
“ With much good will, instead of parts,
“ express’d for artists and for arts ;
“ Who smiles if you have smartly spoke,
“ Or nods applause to his own joke ;
“ This bearded child, this gray-hair’d boy, 45
“ Still plays with life as with a toy ;
“ Still keeps amusement full in view :
“ Wise? Now and then—but oft’ner new ;
“ His coach, this hour, at Watson’s door,
“ The next in waiting on a whore. 50
“ Whene’er the welcome tidings ran
“ Of monster strange, or stranger man,
“ A Selkirk from his desert isle,
“ Or alligator from the Nile,
“ He saw the monster in its shrine, 55
“ And had the man next day to dine :
“ Or was it an Hermaphrodite?
“ You found him in a two-fold hurry,
“ Neglecting for this he-she sight
“ The single charms of Fanny Murray. 60
“ Gath’ring from suburb and from city
“ Who were, who would be, wise or witty ;
“ The full-wigg’d sons of pills and potions,
“ The bags of maggot and new notions ;
“ The sage, of microscopic eye, 65
“ Who reads him lectures on a fly ;
“ Grave antiquaries with their flams,
“ And poets squirting epigrams ;
“ With some few lords---of those that think,
“ And dip, at times, their pen in ink ; 70
“ Nay, ladies too, of diverse fame,
“ Who are and are not of the game :
“ For he has look’d the world around,
“ And pleasure in each quarter found ;

“ Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
 “ He sinks from life by soft decay,
 “ And sees at hand, without affright,
 “ Th’ inevitable hour of night.”

75

But here some pillar of the state,
 Whose life is one long dull debate;
 Some pedant of the sable gown,
 Who spares no failings but his own,
 Set up at once their deep-mouth’d hollow;
 Is this a subject for Apollo?

80

What! can the god of Wit and Verse
 Such trifles in our ears rehearse?

85

“ Know, Puppies! this man’s easy life,
 “ Serene from cares, unvex’d with strife,
 “ Was oft’ employ’d in doing good,
 “ A science you ne’er understood;
 “ And charity, ye sons of Pride!
 “ A multitude of faults will hide.
 “ I at his board more sense have found
 “ Than at a hundred dinners round:
 “ Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye
 “ Could often there collected spy;
 “ And I have gone well-pleas’d to bed,
 “ Revolving what was sung or said.

90

“ And he, who entertain’d them all
 “ With much good liquor strong and small,
 “ With food in plenty, and a welcome,
 “ Which would become my Lord of Melcombe*,
 “ Whose soups and sauces duly season’d,
 “ Whose wit well-tim’d, and sense well-reason’d,
 “ Give Burgundy a brighter stain,
 “ And add new flavour to Champaign—
 “ Shall this man to the grave descend
 “ Unown’d, unhonour’d as my friend?
 “ No; by my deity I swear,
 “ Nor shall the vow be lost in air,
 “ While you and millions such as you,
 “ Are sunk for ever from my view,

95

100

105

110

* This poem was certainly written in 1757, but the reader has only to remember that Apollo is the god of Prophecy as well as of poetry. *Mallet.*

“ And lost in kindred darkness lie,
 “ This good old man shall never die:
 “ No matter where I place his name,
 “ His love of learning shall be fame.”

116

THE DISCOVERY.

*Upon reading some verses written by a young lady at a boarding-school,
 September, 1760.*

A POLLO lately sent to know
 If he had any sons below,
 For by the trash he long has seen
 In male and female magazine,
 A hundred quires not worth a groat,
 The race must be extinct he thought. 5
 His messenger to court repairs,
 Walks softly with the crowd up stairs;
 But when he had his errand told,
 The courtiers sneer'd, both young and old: 10
 Augustus knit his royal brow,
 And bade him let Apollo know it,
 That, from his infancy till now,
 He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.
 His next adventure was the Park, 15
 When it grew fashionably dark:
 There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
 Talk'd much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
 Who tips the wink, who drops the card,
 But not one word of verse or bard. 20
 The stage, Apollo's old domain,
 Where his true sons were wont to reign,
 His courier now past frowning by;
 Ye modern Durseys tell us why?
 Slow to the city last he went: 25
 There all was prose of *cent per cent*.
 There *alley-omnium*, *script*, and *bonus*,
 (Latin for which a Muse would stone us,
 Yet honest Gideon's classic style)
 Made our poor nuncio stare and smile. 30
 And now the clock had struck eleven,
 The messenger must back to Heav'n;

But just as he his wings had ty'd,
Look'd up Queensquare the North-east side.

A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,

35

Alone, and writing by a taper;
He read unseen, then stole her paper.

It much amus'd him on his way,
And reaching Heav'n by break of day,

40

He shew'd Apollo what he stole;
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole!

Then calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celestial vellum took,

And what he with a sun-beam there

45

Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:

"If I no men my sons must call,

"Here's one fair daughter worth them all:

"Mark then the sacred words that follow,

49

"Sophia's mine"---so sign'd

APOLLO.

TYBURN.

TO THE MARINE SOCIETY.

Advertisement.

THE design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment: but, to take off from the flatness, of a direct compliment, I have, through the whole poem, loaded their institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility. By authentic accounts it appears that, from the first rise of this Society to the present year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out, for the sea-service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys, in all 9963 persons; whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community; at a time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

IT has been, all examples show it,
The privilege of ev'ry poet,
From ancient down thro' modern time,
To bid dread matter live in Rhyme;
With wit enliven senseless rocks,
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
Make buzzard senators of note,
And rooks harangue that geese may vote.

5

These moral fictions, first design'd
To mend and mortify mankind,
Old Æsop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago,

10

His fly upon the charriot wheel
 Could all a statesman's merit feel,
 And, to its own importance just,
 Exclaim, with Bufo, "What a dust!"
 His Horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
 In Colon's air and accent cry,
 While tumbling down the turbid stream,
 "Lord love us, how we apples swim!"

15

20

But farther instances to cite
 Would tire the hearer's patience quite.
 No; what their numbers and their worth,
 How these admire while those hold forth,
 From Hide-Park on to Clerkenwell,
 Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell,
 Where England, thro' the world renown'd,
 In all its wisdom may be found;
 While I, for ornament and use,
 An orator of wood produce.

25

30

Why should the gentle reader stare?
 Are wooden orators so rare?
 Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
 That hears them in the pleader bawl,
 That hears them in the patriot thunder,
 Can tell if such things are a wonder:
 So can Saint Dunstan's in the West,
 When good Romaine harangues his best,
 And tells his staring congregation
 That sober sense is sure damnation;
 That Newton's guilt was worse than treason
 For using, what God gave him, reason.

35

40

"A pox of all this prefacing!"
 Smart Balbus cries; "Come name the thing;
 "That such there are we all agree:
 "What is this wood?" Why---Tyburn tree.

45

Hear then this rev'rend oak harangue,
 Who makes men do so ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

"Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
 "Of right complains to be reliev'd:

50

- “ When rogues so rais’d the price of wheat
 “ That few folks could afford to eat,
 “ (Just as when doctors’ fees run high
 “ Few patients can afford to die)
 “ The poor durst into murmurs break, 55
 “ For losers must have leave to speak;
 “ Then from reproaching fell to mauling
 “ Each neighbour rogue they found forestalling.
 “ As these again, their knaves and setters,
 “ Durst vent complaints against their betters, 60
 “ Whose only crime was in defeating
 “ Their schemes of growing rich by cheating;
 “ So shall not I my wrongs relate,
 “ An injur’d minister of state?
 “ The finisher of care and pain 65
 “ May sure with better grace complain,
 “ For reasons no less strong and true,
 “ Marine Society! of you;
 “ Of you, as ev’ry carman knows
 “ My latest and most fatal foes. 70
 “ My property you basely steal,
 “ Which ev’n a British Oak can feel;
 “ Feel and resent; what wonder then
 “ It should be felt by British men
 “ When France, insulting, durst invade 75
 “ Their clearest property of trade?
 “ For which both nations at the bar
 “ Of that supreme tribunal War,
 “ To show their reasons have agreed,
 “ And lawyers by ten thousands fee’d, 80
 “ Who now for legal quirks and puns
 “ Plead with the rhet’rit of great guns,
 “ And each his client’s cause maintains
 “ By knocking out th’ opponent’s brains,
 “ While Europe all—But we adjourn 85
 “ This wise digression, and return.
 “ Your rules and statutes have undone me;
 “ My surest cards begin to shun me:
 “ My native subjects dare rebel
 “ Those who were born for me and hell; 90

“ And but for you the scoundrel line
 “ Had ev’ry mother’s son dy’d mine :
 “ A race unnumber’d as unknown,
 “ Whom town or fuberb calls her own ;
 “ Of vagrant love the various spawn, 95
 “ From rags and filth, from lace and lawn ;
 “ Some of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
 “ Where peer and porter meet their wenches;
 “ For neither health nor shame can wean us
 “ From mixing with the midnight Venus. 100
 “ Nor let my cits be here forgot;
 “ They know to sin as well as sot.
 “ When night demure walks forth, array’d
 “ In her thin negligée of shade,
 “ Late risen from their long regale 105
 “ Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
 “ Abroad the Common council sally
 “ To poach for game in lane or alley;
 “ This gets a son, whose first essay
 “ Will filch his father’s till away; 110
 “ A daughter that, who may retire,
 “ Some few years hence, with her own fire;
 “ And while his hand is on her placket
 “ The filial virtue picks his pocket.
 “ Change-alley, too, has grown so nice, 115
 “ A broker dares refine on vice;
 “ With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows,
 “ In her own arms he cuckolds spouse;
 “ For young and fresh while he would wish her,
 “ His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher; 120
 “ Or after nobler quarry running,
 “ Profanely paints her out a Gunning.
 “ Now these, of each degree and sort,
 “ At Wapping dropp’d, perhaps at Court,
 “ Bred up for me, to swear and lie, 125
 “ To laugh at hell, and Heav’n defy;
 “ These, Tyburn’s regimented train,
 “ Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
 “ From age to age, by right divine,
 “ Hereditary rogues, were mine; 130

“ And each, by discipline severe,
 “ Improv’d beyond all shame and fear,
 “ From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
 “ My constant friend the good Old Bailey
 “ To me made over, late or soon, 135
 “ I think, at latest, once a moon;
 “ But by your interloping care
 “ Not one in ten shall be my share.
 “ Ere ’tis too late your error see,
 “ You foes to Britain and to me ! 140
 “ To me, agreed—but to the nation ?—
 “ I prove it thus by demonstration.
 “ First, that there is much good in ill
 “ My great apostle Mandeville
 “ Has made most clear. Read, if you please, 145
 “ His moral Fable of The Bees.
 “ Our rev’rend clergy next will own,
 “ Were all men good their trade were gone;
 “ That were it not for useful vice
 “ Their learned pains would bear no price; 150
 “ Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
 “ To their demonstrated alliance.
 “ Next, kingdoms are compos’d, we know,
 “ Of individuals, Jack and Joe:
 “ Now these, our sov’reign lords the rabble, 155
 “ For ever prone to growl and squabble,
 “ The monstrous many-headed beast,
 “ Whom we must not offend, but feast,
 “ Like Cerberus, should have their sop;
 “ And what is that but trussing up ? 160
 “ How happy were their hearts, and gay,
 “ At each return of hanging day!
 “ To see Page* swinging they admire,
 “ Beyond ev’n Madox* on his wire!
 “ No baiting of a bull or bear 165
 “ To Perry*, daggling in the air!
 “ And then the being drunk a week
 “ For joy some Sheppard* would not squeak !

* As these are all persons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unnecessary. *Mallet.*

- “ But now that those good times are o’er,
“ How will they mutiny and roar ! 170
“ Your scheme absurd of sober rules
“ Will sink the race of men to mules ;
“ For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
“ For ever for the public toiling :
“ Hard masters ! who, just when they need ’em, 175
“ With a few thistles deign to feed ’em.
“ Yet more—for it is seldom known
“ That fault or folly stands alone—
“ You next debauch their infant-mind
“ With fumes of honourable wind, 180
“ Which must beget, in heads untry’d,
“ That worst of human vices, pride.
“ All who my humble paths forsake
“ Will reckon each to be a Blake !
“ There on the deck, with arms a-kimbo, 185
“ Already struts the future Bembow !
“ By you bred up to take delight in
“ No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.
“ These sturdy sons of blood and blows
“ By pulling Monsieur by the nose, 190
“ By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,
“ Will put all Europe in a passion.
“ The grand alliance, now quadruple,
“ Will pay us home, *jusqu’ au centuple* ;
“ So the French king was heard to cry— 195
“ And can a king of Frenchmen lie ?
“ These and more mischiefs I foresee
“ From fondling brats of base degree.
“ As mushrooms that on dunghills rise,
“ The kindred-weeds beneath despise, 200
“ So these their fellows will condemn,
“ Who in revenge will rage at them ;
“ For thro’ each rank what more offends
“ Than to behold the rise of friends ?
“ Still when our equals grow too great 205
“ We may applaud, but we must hate ;
“ Then will it be endur’d when John
“ Has put my hempen ribbon on,

- “ To see his ancient mess-mate Cloud
 “ By you made turbulent and proud, 210
 “ And early taught my tree to bilk,
 “ Pass in another all of silk?
 “ Yet, one more mournful case to put;
 “ A hundred mouths at once you shut!
 “ Half Grub-street, silenc’d in an hour, 215
 “ Must curse your interposing pow’r
 “ If my lost sons no longer steal,
 “ What son of her’s can earn a meal?
 “ You ruin many a gentle bard,
 “ Who liv’d by heroes that die hard! 220
 “ Their brother hawkers too, that sung
 “ How great from world to world they swung,
 “ And by sad sonnets, quaver’d loud,
 “ Drew tears and halfpence from the crowd!
 “ Blind Fielding too—a mischief on him! 225
 “ I wish my sons would meet and stone him!
 “ Sends his black squadrons up and down,
 “ Who drive my best boys back to Town,
 “ They find that trav’ling now abroad,
 “ To ease rich rascals on the road, 230
 “ Is grown a calling much unsafe,
 “ That there are surer ways by half,
 “ To which they have their equal claim
 “ Of earning daily food and fame;
 “ So down at home they sit and think 235
 “ How best to rob with pen and ink.
 “ Hence red-hot letters and essays
 “ By the John Lilburn of these days,
 “ Who guards his want of shame and sense
 “ With shield of sev’nfold impudence; 240
 “ Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
 “ With much abuse and little wit;
 “ Hence libels against Hardwicke penn’d,
 “ That only hurt when they commend;
 “ Hence oft’ ascrib’d to Fox, at least, 245
 “ All that defames his namesake beast;
 “ Hence Cloacina hourly views
 “ Unnumber’d labours of the Muse,

“ That sink where myriads went before,
 “ And sleep within the chaos hour, 250
 “ While her brown daughters, under ground,
 “ Are fed with politics profound :
 “ Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
 “ More excrement than what it wraps.
 “ These, singly, contributions raise, 255
 “ Of casual pudding and of praise :
 “ Others again, who form a gang,
 “ Yet take due measures not to hang,
 “ In Magazines their forces join,
 “ By legal methods to purloin ; 260
 “ Whose weekly or whose monthly feat is
 “ First to decry, then steal your treatise :
 “ So rogues in France perform their job,
 “ Assassinating ere they rob.
 “ But, this long narrative to close ; 265
 “ They who would grievances expose
 “ In all good policy no less
 “ Should shew the methods to redress.
 “ If commerce, sinking in one scale,
 “ By fraud or hazard comes to fail, 270
 “ The task is next, all statesmen know it,
 “ To find another where to throw it,
 “ That, rising there in due degree,
 “ The public may no loser be.
 “ Thus having heard how you invade, 275
 “ And in one way destroy my trade,
 “ That we at last may part good friends,
 “ Hear how you still may make amends
 “ O search this sinful Town with care,
 “ What numbers duly mine are there ! 280
 “ The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
 “ Jews, Christians, rogues alike, and robbers !
 “ Who riot on the poor man’s toils,
 “ And fatten by a nation’s spoils !
 “ The crowd of little knaves in place, 285
 “ Our age’s envy and disgrace.
 “ Secret and snug, by daily stealth
 “ The busy vermine pick up wealth,

- “ Then without birth control the great,
 “ Then without talents rule the state ! 290
 “ Some ladies too—for some there are
 “ With shame and decency at war,
 “ Who on a ground of pale threescore
 “ Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
 “ And bid a nut-brown bosom glow 295
 “ With purer white than lilies know ;
 “ Who into vice intrepid rush,
 “ Put modest whoring to the blush,
 “ And with more front engage a trooper
 “ Than Jenny Jones or Lucy Cooper. 300
 “ Send me each mischief-making nibbler,
 “ ’Tis equal senator or scribbler,
 “ Who on the self-same spot of ground,
 “ The self-same hearers staring round,
 “ Abjure and join with, praise and blame, 305
 “ Both men and measures still the same ;
 “ Or serve our foes with all their might,
 “ By proving Britons dare not fight :
 “ Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile, elves,
 “ They paint the nation from themselves ; 310
 “ Less aiming to be wise than witty,
 “ And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.
 “ Send me each string—save green and blue—
 “ These, Brother Towerhill, wait for you.
 “ But, Lollius, be not in the spleen ; 315
 “ ’Tis only Arthur’s Knights I mean—
 “ Not those of old renown’d in fable,
 “ Nor of the Round but gaming-table,
 “ Who ev’ry night, the waiters say,
 “ Break ev’ry law they made by day ; 320
 “ Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
 “ Attendant upon drink and dice,
 “ And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
 “ Devour each others’ goods and chattels ;
 “ While from the mouth of magic box, 325
 “ With curses dire and dreadful knocks,
 “ They fling whole tenements away,
 “ Fling time, health, fame—yet call it Play

“ Till, by advice of special friends,
 “ The titled dupe a sharper ends ; 330
 “ Or if some drop of noble blood
 “ Remains, not quite defil’d to mud,
 “ The wretch, unpity’d and alone,
 “ Leaps headlong to the world unknown !” 334

ZEPHYR :

OR,

THE STRATAGEM.

Egregian vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
 Una dola Divum si femina victa duorum est.

VIRG.

The Argument.

A certain young lady was surpris'd, on horseback, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the south-west, which made her dismount somewhat precipitately.

THE god in whose gay train appear
 Those gales that wake the purple year,
 Who lights up health, and bloom, and grace,
 In Nature's and in Mira's face ;
 To speak more plain, the Western wind, 5
 Had seen this brightest of her kind ;
 Had seen her oft' with fresh surprise,
 And ever with desiring eyes,
 Much by her shape, her look, her air,
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair, 10
 More by the meaning soul that shines
 Thro' all her charms, and all refines :
 Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
 Her form is dignity with ease :
 Then—such a hand and such an arm 15
 As Age or Impotence might warm !
 Just such a leg too, Zephyr knows,
 The Medicéan Venus shows.

So far he sees, so far admires ;
 Each charm is fuel to his fires : 20
 But other charms, and those of price,
 That form the bounds of Paradise,

Can those an equal praise command,
 All turn'd by Nature's finest hand ?
 Is all the consecrated ground
 With plumpness firm, with smoothness round ? 25

The world but once one Zeuxis saw
 A faultless form who dar'd to draw,
 And then, that all might perfect be,
 All rounded off in due degree, 30
 To furnish out the matchless piece
 Were rifled half the toasts of Greece :
 'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh,
 'Twas Waldegrave's sweetly brilliant eye ;
 'Twas gentle Pembroke's ease and grace, 35
 And Hervey lent her maiden-face :
 But dares he hope on British ground
 That these may all in one be found ?
 These chiefly that still shun his eye ?
 He knows not, but he means to try. 40

Aurora rising fresh and gay
 Gave promise of a golden day.
 Up with her sister Mira rose
 Four hours before our London beaux ;
 For these are still asleep and dead, 45
 Save Arthur's sons—not yet in bed.
 A rose impearl'd with orient dew,
 Had caught the passing fair-one's view ;
 To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
 And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop ; 50
 Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
 She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
 Due eastward as her steps she bore,
 Would swell her petticoat before,
 Would subtly steal his face between, 55
 To see—what never yet was seen !
 “ And sure to fan it with his wing
 “ No nine-month symptom e'er can bring ;
 “ His aim is but the nymph to please,
 “ Who daily courts his cooling breeze.” 60

But listening, fond believing Maid !
 When Love, soft traitor ! would persuade,

With all the moving skill and grace
 Of practis'd passion in his face,
 Dread his approach, distrust your pow'r— 65
 For, oh! there is one shepherd's hour;
 And tho' he long his aim to cover,
 May with the friend disguise the lover,
 The sense or nonsense of his wooing
 Will but adore you into ruin. 70
 But for those butterflies, the beaux,
 Who buzz around in tinsel rows,
 Shake them off, with quick disdain;
 Where insects settle they will stain.

Thus Zephyr oft' the nymph assail'd, 75
 As oft' his little arts had fail'd;
 The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,
 Resisted still his feeble gale.
 With these repulses vex'd at heart,
 Poor Zephyr has recourse to art, 80
 And, his own weakness to supply,
 Calls in a brother of the sky,
 The rude South-west, whose mildest play
 Is war, mere war, the Russian way;
 A tempest-maker by his trade, 85
 Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their aerial league,
 How first to harass and fatigue,
 Then, found on some remoter plain,
 To ply her close with wind and rain: 90
 These terms, writ fair, and seal'd and sign'd,
 Should Webb or Stukely wish to find,
 Wise antiquaries, who explore
 All that has ever pass'd—and more,
 Tho' here too tedious to be told, 95
 Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,
 Those floating registers in air;
 So let them mount, and read them there.

The grand alliance thus agreed,
 To instant action they proceed; 100
 For 'tis in war a maxim known,
 As Prussia's monarch well has shown,

To break at once upon your foe,
 And strike the first preventive blow.
 With Toro's lungs in Toro's form,
 Whose very Howd'ye is a storm,
 The dread South-west his part begun:
 Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,
 At his command from pole to pole
 Dark spreading, o'er the fair-one roll,
 Who, pressing now her fav'rite steed,
 Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

105

110

O Mira! to the future blind,
 Th' insidious foe is close behind:
 Guard, guard your treasure, while you can,
 Unless this god should be the man.
 For, lo! the clouds, at his known call,
 Are closing round—they burst! they fall!
 While at the charmer, all aghast,
 He pours whole winter in a blast;
 Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
 If natives founder on the flood,
 If Britain's coast be left as bare*
 As he resolves to leave the fair.
 Here gods resemble human breed,
 The world be damn'd—so they succeed.

115

120

125

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,
 With silk, lawn, linen round her head,
 And to the fawns who fed above
 Unveil'd the last recess of Love:
 Each wond'ring fawn was seen to bound*,
 Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
 At sight of that sequester'd glade,
 In all its light, in all its shade,
 Which rises there for wisest ends:
 To deck the temple it defends.

130

135

Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
 For what a thousand heroes strove,
 When Europe, Asia, both in arms,
 Disputed one fair lady's charms,

140

* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Hawke was blown into Torbay. *Mallet.*

* Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvencæ. *Virg.*

The war pretended Helen's eyes*,
 But this, believe it, was the prize:
 This rous'd Achilles' mortal ire,
 This strung his Homer's epic lyre,
 Gave to the world La Mancha's Knight,
 And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

145

Yet tho' the distant conscious Muse
 This airy rape delighted views,
 Yet she for honour guides her lays,
 Enjoying it disdains to praise.

150

If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
 Are they a pattern for the gods?
 Can Russia, can th' Hungarian Vampire†
 With whom cast in the Swedes and Empire;
 Can four such pow'rs, who one assail,
 Deserve our praise should they prevail?

155

O mighty triumph! high renown!
 Two gods have brought one mortal down;
 Have clubb'd their forces in a storm
 To strip one helpless female form!
 Strip her stark naked, yet confess
 Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress.

160

But, all insensible to blame,
 The sky-born ravishers on flame
 Enchanted at the prospect stood,
 And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.
 Sleek S**r too had done no less,
 Would parsons here the truth confess;
 Nay, one brisk peer, yet all-alive,
 Would do the same at eighty-five‡.

165

170

But how, in colours softly-bright,
 Where strength and harmony unite,
 To paint the limbs that fairer show
 Than Massalina's borrow'd snow;
 To paint the rose that, thro' its shade,
 With theirs one human eye survey'd;

175

* Et fuit ante Helenem, &c. *Hor.*

† A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood, of whom there are many stories told in Hungary. *Mallet.*

‡ We believe there is a mistake in this reading, for the person best informed and most concerned assures us that it should be only seventy-five. *Mallet.*

Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,
 Would he the genuine draught avow,
 The Muse, a second Titian then,
 To Fame might consecrate her pen.

180

That Titian Nature gave of old
 The queen of Beauty to behold.
 Like Mira unadorn'd by dress,
 But all complete in nakedness,
 Then bade his emulating art
 Those wonders to the world impart:
 Around the ready Graces stand,
 "With each a penil in her hand*;"
 Each height'ning stroke, each happy line,
 Awakes to life the form divine,
 Till, rais'd and rounded ev'ry charm,
 And all with youth immortal warm,
 He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
 He sees a brighter Venus rise!
 But, to the gentle Reader's cost,
 His pencil with his life was lost;
 And Mira must contented be
 To live by Ramsay and by me.

185

190

195

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

'T'WAS at the silent solemn hour
 When night and morning meet,
 In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at Williams's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April morn
 Clad in a wintry cloud,
 And clay-cold was her lily hand
 That held her sable shroud.

5

III.

So shall the fairest face appear
 When youth and years are flown;

10

* This line is supplied to perfect the sense and rhyme. It is omitted in the edition by the booksellers of 1779.

Such is the robe that kings must wear
When Death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That tips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

15

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

20

VI.

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,
"Come from her midnight grave;
"Now let thy pity hear the maid
"Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour
"When injur'd ghosts complain,
"When yawning graves give up their dead
"To haunt the faithless swain.

25

VIII.

"Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
"Thy pledge and broken oath,
"And give me back my maiden vow,
"And give me back my troth.

30

IX.

"Why did you promise love to me,
"And not that promise keep?
"Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
"Yet leave those eyes to weep?

35

X.

"How could you say my face was fair,
"And yet that face forsake?
"How could you win my virgin heart,
"Yet leave that heart to break?

40

XI.

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
"And made the scarlet pale?

“ And why did I, young witleſs maid!

“ Believe the flatt’ring tale?

XII.

“ That face, alas! no more is fair,

45

“ Thoſe lips no longer red:

“ Dark are my eyes, now clos’d in death,

“ And ev’ry charm is fled.

XIII.

“ The hungry worm my ſiſter is;

“ This winding ſheet I wear;

50

“ And cold and weary laſts our night,

“ Till that laſt morn appear.

XIV.

“ But, hark! the cock has warn’d me hence;

“ A long and late adieu!

“ Come ſee, falſe Man! how low ſhe lies

55

“ Who dy’d for love of you.”

XV.

The lark ſung loud, the morning ſmil’d

With beams of roſy red;

Pale William quak’d in ev’ry limb,

And raving left his bed.

60

XVI.

He hy’d him to the fatal place

Where Marg’ret’s body lay,

And ſtretch’d him on the green-graſs turf

That wrapp’d her breathleſs clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call’d on Marg’ret’s name,

65

And thrice he wept full fore,

Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,

And word ſpoke never more *!

68

* In a comedy of Fletcher, called *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, old Merrythought enters repeating the following verſes:

When it was grown to dark midnight,

And all were faſt aſleep,

In came Marg’ret’s grimly gholt,

And ſtood at William’s feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of ſome ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote, and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. Theſe lines, naked of ornament, and ſimple as they are, ſtruck my fancy, and bringing freſh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talk- ed of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing Poem, which was written many years ago. *Mallet.*

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the Works of Vin- cent Bourne.

EDWIN AND EMMA*.

Mark it Cefario, it is true and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the fun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age, SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood:

II.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest'd and die.

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek;

* *Extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes, in Yorkshire, on the subject of this Poem. To Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marrick.*

WORTHY SIR,

"As to the affair mentioned in your's, it happened long before my time: I
"have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the
"neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is
"as follow. The family-name of the young man was *Wrightson*, and of the
"maiden *Railton*. They were both much of the same age, that is, growing
"up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity; but in fortune, alas! she
"was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a
"handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably;
"but as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young
"creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown
"to the family, continued about a year: when it was found out, old Wright-
"son, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at
"the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt; for they held it as a
"maxim, and a rustic one it is, 'that blood is nothing without groats.' The
"young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tuesday, and died the
"Sunday se'ennight after. On the last day of his illness he desired to see his
"mistress: she was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome---
"when it was too late; but her daughter Hannah lay at his back to cut them
"off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts. At her return home,
"on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her
"heart was burst, and expired some moments after. The then curate of
"Bowes* inserted it in the register that they both died of love, and were bu-
"ried in the same grave, March 15, 1714. I am,

"Dear Sir,

"Your's, &c."

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that mountainous tract named by the neighbouring people *Stanemore*, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. CAMD. BRIT.

Such orient colour smiles thro' Heav'n
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains;
That sun who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

15

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair;

20

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains!
A soul devoid of art,
And from whose eye serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd,
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

25

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last
Where fortune proves a foe.

30

IX.

His sister, who like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

35

X.

The father too, a sordid man!
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

40

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd;

Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of diff'ring passions strove;
His heart, that durst not disobey
Yet could not cease to love.

45

XIII.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

50

IV.

Oft', too, on Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul
The midnight mourner stray'd.

55

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime
Before the northern blast.

60

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heav'n with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

XVII.

" 'Tis past," he cry'd,—“ but if your souls
“ Sweet mercy yet can move,
“ Let these dim eyes once more behold
“ What they must ever love.”

65

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dews appear.

70

XIX.

But, oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!

Forbade what Emma came to say,
 "My Edwin! live for me."

75

XX.

Now, homeward as she hopeless wept
 The churchyard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's fun'ral song.

80

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night
 Her startling fancy found
 In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
 His groan in ev'ry sound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale—
 When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad sounding in the gale.

85

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door—
 "He's gone!" she cry'd, "and I shall see
 That angel face no more!"

90

XXIV.

"I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side---"
 From her white arm down sunk her head:
 She shiv'ring sigh'd and dy'd.

96

VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

On his visiting Oxford in the year 1734.

RECEIVE, lov'd Prince! the tribute of our praise,
 This hasty welcome in unfinish'd lays:
 At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,
 Display the genius, but not speak the heart;
 And oft', as ornament must truth supply,
 Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
 These need not here; for to a soul like thine
 Truth plain and simple will more lovely shine.

5

The truly good but wish the verse sincere ;
 They court no flatt'ry who no censure fear. 10

Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,
 In blooming youth the Titus of mankind.
 Crowds who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
 Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.
 Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease !
 Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please : 16
 Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
 And charm in gracious princes yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
 That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds. 20
 Here candour dwells, here honest truths are taught,
 To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.
 See these enlighten'd sages who preside
 O'er Learning's empire ; see the youth they guide !
 Behold all faces are in transport drest ! 25

But those most wonder who discern thee best.
 At sight of thee each free-born heart receives
 A joy the sight of princes rarely gives,
 From tyrants sprung, and oft' themselves design'd
 By Fate the future Neroes of their kind : 30
 But tho' thy blood, we know, transmitted springs
 From laurell'd heroes and from warrior kings,
 Thro' that high series we delighted trace
 The friends of liberty and human race !

Oh ! born to glad and animate our Isle ! 35
 For thee our heav'ns look pleas'd, our seasons smile ;
 For thee, late object of our tender fears,
 When thy life droop'd and Britain was in tears,
 All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,
 Attended by soft suns and vernal air, 40
 Sought those fam'd springs * where, each afflictive hour,
 Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her pow'r :
 She came, and while to thee the current flows,
 Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose ;
 Hence to thy cheek that instant bloom deriv'd ! 45
 Hence with thy health the weeping world reviv'd !

Proceed to emulate thy race divine ;
 A life of action and of praise be thine !
 Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
 By nature daring, but by reason good. 50
 So great, so glorious, thy forefathers shone,
 No son of their's must hope to live unknown :
 Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight,
 Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.
 If to thy fair beginnings nobly true, 55
 Think what the world may claim, and thou must do :
 The honours that already grace thy name
 Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame :
 Ev'n she, bright Anna ! whom thy worth has won,
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun : 60
 Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
 O ! be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase
 Of sons in war renown'd, and great in peace ;
 Of daughters fair and faithful, to supply
 The patriot race, till Nature's self shall die ! 66

VERSES

Occasioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the University of Aberdeen.

IN times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
 And dar'd despise the worth he would not know ;
 Ere mitred Pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
 Those very arts in others saw unprais'd ;
 Friend to mankind*, a prelate good and great 5
 The Muses courted to this safe retreat ;
 Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
 With learned Leisure and with Peace to dwell.
 The fabric finish'd, to the sov'reign's fame†,
 His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim : 10
 Here by successive worthies well was taught
 Whate'er enlightens or exalts the thought :
 With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
 The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair ;

* Bishop Elphinston.

† Calling it King's College, in compliment to James IV.

Mild and serene the kindly seasons roll'd, 15
And Science long enjoy'd her Age of Gold.

Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.
O'er her grey roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round: 20
Silent and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders ev'ry pile!
Ruin hangs hov'ring o'er the fated place,
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.

Sad Learning's Genius, with a father's fear, 25
Beheld the total desolation near;
Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly,
And fix'd on heav'n his sorrow-streaming eye!

From heav'n, in that dark hour, commission'd came
Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name: 30
Sweet Pity flew before her, softly bright,
At whose felt influence Nature smil'd with light.

"Hear, and rejoice!"—the gracious pow'r begun—
"Already fir'd by me, thy fav'rite son
"This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes, 35
"And from its fall bids fairer fabrics rise.

"Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling fragments grey,
"In dust deep-bury'd, lost to mem'ry, lay,
"The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,
"The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend! 40

"Nor ends the bounty thus: by him bestow'd,
"Here Science shall her richest stores unload:
"Whate'er long-hid Philosophy has found,
"Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;
"Or History descry'd, far-looking sage! 45

"In the dark doubtfulness of distant age;
"These, thy best wealth, with curious choice combin'd,
"Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious mind;
"To wits unborn the wanted succours give,
"And fire the Bard whom Genius means to live. 50

"But teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace;
"Let low self-love and pedant discord cease;
"Their object truth, utility their aim,
"One social spirit reign, in all the same:

" Thus aided, arts shall with fresh vigour shoot, 55
 " Their cultur'd blossoms ripen into fruit,
 " Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
 " And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay." 58

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY! Heav'n's first attribute,
 Whose care embraces man and brute,
 Behold me, where I shiv'ring stand;
 Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
 To Want and Age, Disease and Pain, 5
 That all in one sad object reign.
 Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
 Existence is to me a curse;
 Yet how to close this weary eye?
 By my own hand I dare not die; 10
 And Death, the friend of human woes,
 Who brings the last and sound repose,
 Death does at dreadful distance keep,
 And leaves one wretch to wake and weep. 14

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

NOW, gloomy Soul! look out---now comes thy turn;
 With thee behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
 Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
 That spreads slow-shading o'er the vanquish'd light.
 Look out with joy; the ruler of the day 5
 Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimm'ring ray;
 Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
 Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
 Lo! from the limits of the wintry pole
 Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll; 10
 In dismal pomp, now hov'ring on their way,
 To a sick twilight they reduce the day.
 And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
 And roar their haughty triumph thro' the skies,
 While the driv'n clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
 And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain. 16

Now see sad earth---like thine her alter'd state,
 Like thee she mourns her sad reverse of fate!
 Her smile, her wanton looks---where are they now?
 Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow! 20

No more th' ungrateful verdure of the plain,
 No more the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain;
 These scenes of bliss no more upbraid my fate,
 Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate;
 The leaf-clad forest and the tufted grove, 25

Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
 Stripp'd of their honours, naked now appear;
 This is---my Soul! the winter of their year:
 The little noisy songsters of the wing,
 All shiv'ring on the bough, forget to sing. 30

Hail, rev'rend Silence! with thy awful brow,
 Be Music's voice for ever mute---as now;

Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
 Disturb---no pleasure disconcert my woes.

In this moor-cover'd cavern hopeless laid 35
 On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,
 And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, unpitying see
 All nature in an agony with me.

Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd tow'rs,
 Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy moors,
 Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes--- 41
 (Now I can smile)---in wild disorder rise;
 And now, the various dreadfuls combin'd,
 Black Melancholy comes to doze my mind.

See! Night's wish'd shades rise spreading thro' the air,
 And the lone hollow gloom for me prepare! 46
 Hail, solitary ruler of the grave!

Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
 Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
 And spread a welcome horror wide around.--- 50

But hark!--a sudden howl invades my ear!
 The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near;
 Shadows from each dark cavern now combine,
 And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.

Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing; 55
 Fix here---nor hasten to restore the spring;

Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be---
 Let never wanton season laugh at me.

58

A FRAGMENT.

* * * *

FAIR Morn ascends; soft Zephyr's wing
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring;

Where sown profusely herb and flow'r

Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,

Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,

5

And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.

Here spreads a green expanse of plains,

Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns;

And there, at utmost stretch of eye,

A mountain fades into the sky;

10

While winding round, diffus'd and deep,

A river rolls with sounding sweep.

Of human art no traces near,

I seem alone with Nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!

15

The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,

The seas'ning of all good below!

The sov'reign friend in joy or woe!

O thou! most courted, most despis'd,

And but in absence duly priz'd!

20

Pow'r of the soft and rosy face,

The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,

The spirits when they gayest shine,

Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!

O sun of life! whose heav'nly ray

25

Lights up and cheers our various day,

The turbulence of hopes and fears,

The storm of fate, the cloud of years,

Till Nature, with thy parting light,

Reposes late in Death's calm night:

30

Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,

Abodes of splendid pain and hate;

Fled from the couch where in sweet sleep

Hot Riot would his anguish steep,

118 ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mould'ring bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

20

III.

Now let the sacred organ blow
With solemn pause and sounding flow;
Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh and words that weep,
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.

25

IV.

To lift it in the Maker's praise,
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
And after some few stormy days
Now gracious gives us o'er to death,
No king of fears
In him appears
Who shuts the scene of human woes?
Beneath his shade
Securely laid
The dead alone find true repose.

30

35

V.

Then while we mingle dust with dust,
To One supremely good and wise
Raise hallelujahs. God is just,
And man most happy when he dies.
His winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flow'ry shore,
Where Pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And Sin and Sorrow are no more.

40

45

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hov'ring round the fair at sixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

3

6

ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
 A witty neighbour his good word.
 Tho' scandal was his joy, he would not swear :
 An oath had made the ladies stare.
 At them he duly dress'd, but without passion :
 His only mistress was the fashion.
 His verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint ;
 His prose with sense correctly quaint.
 Trifles he lov'd ; he tasted arts :
 At once a fribble and a man of parts.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON,

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O Crown'd with honour, bless'd with length of days !
 Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise :
 Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
 And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
 Tho' still the fairest from Heav'n's bounty flow,
 For good and great no monarch can bestow ;
 Yet thus of health, of fame, of friends, possess'd,
 No fortune, Hardwicke ! is sincerely bless'd :
 All human-kind are sons of Sorrow born ;
 The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.
 For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
 Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign ?
 Ah ! no : when Love, when Reason, hand in hand,
 O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand,
 The firmest heart dissolves to soften here,
 And Piety applauds the falling tear.
 Those sacred drops, by virtuous Weakness shed,
 Adorn the living, while they grace the dead ;
 From tender thought their source unblam'd they draw,
 By Heav'n approv'd, and true to Nature's law.
 When his lov'd child the Roman could not save,
 Immortal Tully, from an early grave*,
 No common forms his home-felt passion kept,
 The sage, the patriot, in the parent wept :

* Tullia died about the age of two-and-thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety, and for having added to the usual graces of her sex the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. *Mallet.*

And, O! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame, 25
 The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
 She whom the Muses, whom the Loves, deplore,
 Ev'n she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more;
 In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
 Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb. 30

O season mark'd by mourning and despair!
 Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair!
 For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
 Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease;
 Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath, 35
 That scatter'd fever, agony and death.

What fun'ral have thy cruel ravage spread!
 What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

Here let Reflection fix her sober view;
 O think who suffer and who sigh with you. 40
 See rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
 Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms!
 In climes far distant see that husband mourn,
 His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!

Behold again, at Fate's imperious call, 45
 In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall!
 See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend!
 And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
 Thy Pelham, turn on heav'n his streaming eye;
 Again in her he sees a brother die! 50

And he who, long unshaken and serene,
 Had death in each dire form of terror seen,
 Thro' worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans tost,
 By love subdu'd, now weeps a comfort lost;
 Now sunk to fondness all the man appears, 55
 His front dejected, and his soul in tears.

Yet more; nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
 Who fondly tries to sooth a father's pain—
 Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball,
 See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall! 60
 What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
 The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields?
 See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
 Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!

Hear Europe groan ! hear all her nations mourn ! 65
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too, and reason will confirm the thought ;
Thy cares for her are to their period brought.

Yes she, fair pattern to a failing age !

With wit chastis'd, with sprightly temper sage ; 70

Whom each endearing name could recommend,

Whom all become, wife, sister, daughter, friend,

Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,

The prize of virtue has for ever gain'd !

From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore 75

Where sin, and pain, and error, are no more ;

She now no change, nor you no fear, can feel ;

Death to her fame has fix'd th' eternal seal.

IMPROMPTU,

*On a lady who had passed some time in playing with a
very young child.*

WHY on this least of little Misses

Did Celia waste so many kisses ?

Quoth Love, who stood behind, and smil'd,

She kiss'd the father in the child.

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause ;

With no one awkwardness that laughter draws ;

Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say ;

A clock at morn wound up to run a day ;

His larum goes in one smooth simple strain ; 5

He stops, and then we wind him up again :

Still hov'ring round the fair at fifty-four,

Unfit to love, unable to give o'er :

A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,

Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting ; 10

Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,

The teasing ghost of the departed man.

EPIGRAM.

On seeing two persons pass by in very different equipages.

IN modern as in ancient days,

See what the Muses have to brag on ;

The player in his own post-chaise,
The poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM.

Written at Tunbridge Wells, 1750.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shone.
And are those triumphs, with the dead,
All from his house for ever fled?
Not so; by softer, surer arms,
They yet survive in beauty's charms;
For look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Ev'n now he triumphs in his race.

EPIGRAM.

On a certain Lord's passion for a singer.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights;
How whimsical her Stephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR.

Applied to the same person.

DEAR Thomas! didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas! didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of simile—
A squirrel spend its little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with this little peer,
So busy and so bustling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And frisking round his cage, the town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who said this and who did that?

With similes that never hit,
 Vivacity that has no wit ;
 Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken ;
 Advice oft' ask'd, but never taken ;
 Still whirl'd, by ev'ry rising whim,
 From that to this, from her to him ;
 And when he hath his circle run,
 He ends—just where he first begun.

20

EPITAPH

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS ONLY SON,

Who were both interred in the same grave.

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
 Here sleep in peace the father and the son ;
 By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
 The painter's genius, but without the pride ;
 Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine, 5
 Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.
 The son, fair rising, knew too short a date ;
 But, oh ! how more severe the parent's fate !
 He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
 Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd ! 10

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave tho' no proud structure grace,
 Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place ;
 Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
 Lamented Maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb.
 O 'scap'd from life ! O safe on that calm shore 5
 Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more !
 What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
 Regard and Pity wait sincere on thee :
 Lo ! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear,
 And holy Friendship stands a mourner here. 10

EPISTLES.

TO MR. THOMSON,

*On his publishing the second edition of his poem called
Winter.*

CHARM'D and instructed by thy pow'rful song.
I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long;
This debt of gratitude at length receive,
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new-lights the poet's darken'd name, 5
And shews it blazing in the brightest fame.
'Thro' all thy various winter full are found,
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
Clear depth of sense, expression's height'ning grace,
And goodness, eminent in pow'r and place. 10
For this the wise, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend:
Ev'n Age and Truth severe, in reading thee,
That Heav'n inspires the Muse convinc'd agree.

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known, 15
Friendless—supported by itself alone:
For those whose aided will could lift thee high
In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.
Nor place nor pow'r bestows the sight refin'd,
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind. 20

How couldst thou think of such and write so well?
Or hope reward by daring to excel?
Unskilful of the age, untaught to gain
Those favours which the fawning base obtain,
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown, 25
Falshood and flatt'ry must be first thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
Thou must drive out th' unprofitable guest;
Extinguish each bright flame that kindles there,
And centre in thyself thy every care. 30

But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm mankind,
Cast each low thought of int'rest far behind:
Neglected into noble scorn—away
From that worn path where vulgar poets stray;

Inglorious herd! profuse of venal lays,
 And by the pride despis'd they stoop to praise:
 Thou! careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
 Tread that strait way that leads to fair Renown.
 By Virtue Guided, and by Glory fir'd,
 And by reluctant Envy slow admir'd;
 Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind
 Embrace the gen'ral welfare of thy kind;
 Enrich them with a treasure of thy thought,
 What Heav'n approves, and what the Muse has taught.
 Where thy pow'r fails, unable to go on,
 Ambitious, greatly will the good undone:
 So shall thy name thro' ages bright'ning shine,
 And distant praise from worth unborne be thine;
 So shalt thou, happy, merit Heav'n's regard,
 And find a glorious, tho' a late reward.

35

40

45

50

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

AT this late hour the world lies hush'd below,
 Nor is one breath of air awake to blow:
 Now walks mute Midnight darkling o'er the plain,
 Rest and soft-footed Silence in his train.
 To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.
 These all-asleep, me all-awake, they find;
 Nor rest nor silence charm the lover's mind.
 Already I a thousand torments prove,
 The thousand torments of divided love:
 The rolling thought, impatient in the breast,
 The flutt'ring wish on wing, that will not rest;
 Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow,
 Knowledge of distant bliss and present woe;
 Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
 Children of absence, and of loving well.
 These pale the cheek and cloud the cheerless eye,
 Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh;
 These reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
 And these, O Mira! these are truly mine.

5

10

15

She whose sweet smiles would gladden all the grove,
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love; 21
She, gentle Pow'r! victorious softness!—She,
Mira! is far from hence, from love and me;
Yet in my ev'ry thought her form I find,
Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!

Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease, 26
The native wit, that was not taught to please.
Whatever softly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
Th' unstudy'd smile, the blush that nature warms, 30
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze a thousand ardours rise,
And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes.
Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!
Receive my soul within those folding arms; 35
On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast!
And see! where Love himself is waiting near;
Here let me ever dwell—for heav'n is here! 40



PROLOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

Spoken by Lord Sandwich.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle,
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay, 5
And all our talk in politics or play,
The statesman oft' would sooth his toils with wit.
What Spencer fung, and Nature's Shakespeare writ;
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,
There woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre, 10
As fair examples, like ascending Morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn,
From them diffus'd the gentle arts of peace
Shot bright'ning o'er the land with swift increase,
Rough Nature soften'd into grace and ease, 15
Sense grew polite, and Science fought to please.
Reliev'd from yon' rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,
And safe embow'r'd in Woburn's * airy grove,
Let us recal the times our taste approves, 20
Awaken to our aid the Mournful Muse,
Thro' ev'ry bosom tender thought infuse,
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
And to his guest a Bedford's soul dispense.
And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flow'ry in the plain; 26
While genial Nature breaths from hill and dale
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale,
The various softness stealing thro' the heart,
Impressions sweetly social will impart. 30
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe,
The tears of pity will unbidden flow!

* The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May, 1743.

When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
 Holds up himself a mirror for mankind,
 An equal eye on our own hearts we turn, 35
 Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn;
 And conscious Nature is in all the same,
 We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame! 38

PROLOGUE

TO MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this decisive night at length appears,
 The night of ev'ry author's hopes and fears,
 What shifts to bribe applause poor poets try!
 In all the forms of wit they court and lie;
 These meanly beg it as an alms; and those 5
 By boastful bluster dazzle and impose.

Nor poorly fearful nor securely vain,
 Ours would by honest ways that grace obtain;
 Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd,
 And then—let candour fairly too, decide. 10
 He courts no friend who blindly comes to praise;
 He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.

Indulge a gen'rous pride, that bids him own
 He aims to please by noble means alone;
 By what may win the judgment, wake the heart, 15
 Inspiring nature, and directing art;
 By scenes so wrought as may applause command
 More from the judging head than thund'ring hand.

Important is the moral we would teach—
 Oh! may this island practise what we preach— 20
 Vice in its first approach with care to shun:
 The wretch who once engages is undone.
 Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
 What first was accident at last is fate:
 Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave, 25
 And Virtue's last sad struggles cannot save.

“As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
 “Our judges—here at least—from influence free:
 “One place—unbias'd yet by party rage—
 “Where only honour votes—the British stage. 30
 “We ask for justice, for indulgence sue;
 “Our last best licence must proceed from you.” 32

PROLOGUE

TO THE MASK OF BRITANNIA.

Spoken by Mr. Garrick, 1755, in the character of a sailor fuddled, and talking to himself.*

He ENTERS singing, 'How pleasant a sailor's life passes!'

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er—is a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

[To the Pit,

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

[He staggers forward, then stops.

But softly tho'; the vessel seems to heel:

Steady, my boy—she must not shew her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?

Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?

Or stay on shore, and toy with Sal and Sue—

Dost love 'em, Boy?—By this right hand I do.

10

A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting;

There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting:

For shall we son's of beef and freedom stoop,

Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?

What! shall these *Parlyvous* make such a racket,

15

And we not lend a hand to lace their jacket?

Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?

Whene'er he shuffles we should always cut.

I'll to 'em, faith—Avaft—before I go—

Have I not promis'd Sal to see the show?

20

[Pulls out a play bill.

From this same paper we shall understand

What work's to night—I read your printed hand!

But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—

I'll take one sugar-plum—and then I'll read it.

[Takes some tobacco.

He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.

*At the The-atre-Royal---Drury-Lane---will be presenta-ted a
tragedy called---SARAH.*

I'm glad is Sarah—Then our Sal may see,

25

Her namesake's tragedy; and as for me

I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

* Some of the lines too were written by him.

To which will be added—a new Mask.

Zounds ! why a Mask ? We sailors hate grimaces :
Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.

But what is here, so very large and plain ?

30

Bri-ta-nia—oh, Britannia !—good again—

Huzza, Boys ! by the Royal George I swear,

Tom Coxen and the crew shall straight be there.

All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,

34

And give her three round cheers with hand and heart !

[Going off, he stops.]

I wish you landmen, tho', would leave your tricks,

Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics ;

And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing,

True to yourselves, your country, and your king.

39

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

TO woman, sure, the most severe affliction
Is from these fellows point blank contradiction.

Our Bard, without—I wish he would appear—

Ud ! I would give it him—but you shall hear—

Good Sir ! quoth I—and curtsy'd as I spoke—

5

Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—

'Twere fit to humour them; for, right or wrong,

True Britons never like the same thing long.

To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue—

To-morrow's foul—they sneak aside, and hang.

10

Is there a war—Peace ! peace ! is all their cry :

The peace is made---then, blood ! they'll fight and die.

Gallants ! in talking thus I meant no treason ;

I would have brought, you see, the man to reason ;

But with some folks 'tis labour lost to strive :

15

A reas'ning mule will neither lead nor drive.

He humm'd and ha'd : then, waking from his dream,

Cry'd, I must preach to you his moral scheme.

A scheme, forsooth ! to benefit the nation !

Some queer odd whim of pious propagation* !

20

Lord ! talk so here—the man must be a widgeon—

Drury may propagate—but not Religion.

* The profits arising from this play were intended to be given by the Author to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.

Yet, after all, to give the devil his due,
 Our Author's scheme, tho' strange, is wholly new.
 Well, shall the novelty then recommend it? 25
 If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
 For drums and routs make him a while your passion,
 A little while let Virtue be the fashion;
 And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,
 Ev'n let him live nine days, like other wonders. 30

SONGS.

SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE. THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda! timely wise, 5
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the shades of Invermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear; 10
 At this thy living bloom must fade,
 As that will strip the verdent shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
 The feather'd songsters love no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the shades of Invermay! 16

SONG,

TO A SCOTCH TUNE. MARY SCOT.

I.

WHERE Thames, 'along the daisy'd meads,
 His wave in lucid mazes leads,
 Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
 Wealth on either shore bestowi

There, in a safe, tho' small retreat,
 Content and Love have fix'd their seat ;
 Love, that counts his duty pleasure,
 Content that knows and hugs his treasure.

5

II.

From art, from jealousy, secure,
 As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure,
 Vain opinion nobly scorning.
 Virtue aiding, life adoring ;
 Fair Thames, along thy flow'ry side,
 May those whom truth and reason guide,
 All their tender hours improving,
 Live like us, belov'd and loving !

10

16

AN ODE.

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED :

Sung by a shepherdess who has lost her lover in the wars.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with ev'ry art
 To warm and win the coldest heart,
 In secret mine possess'd :
 The morning bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal oak that straitest grows,
 His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the gale
 That wakes the flow'ry year,
 What wonder he could charm with ease,
 Whom happy Nature taught to please,
 Whom Honour made sincere.

10

At morn he left me—fought—and fell !
 The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
 And saw the tears I shed ;
 Tears that must ever, ever fall.
 For, ah ! no sighs the past recal ;
 No cries awake the dead !

15

18

THE END.



Mallet, David

The poetical works of David Mallet

London [ca. 1800]

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